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The Dog Needed Water

There was this TV truck and under it this girl and a dog; and at least there was shade down there so I crawled under it and felt all alone. There was nobody around except maybe 100,000 demonstrators and it was quiet down there, except for the loudspeaker and the harangues; and the grass was thick (with a few dandelions) and the dog seemed friendly but needed water.

The girl was traveling with a man with a strawberry blond beard and whiskers who looked like Buffalo Bill. I told her it was nice to be traveling with Buffalo Bill and she said yes, she had picked him up at the riot at New Haven that turned out not to be a riot; and she traveled a lot, mostly by herself. She seemed artless and naive and said her mother was dead but that she had a younger brother at Williams who gave her advice, and that she hitch-hiked alone around the country a lot but less so since she was raped one time in Arkansas. She said it fairly casually and I thought I ought to give her advice, she seemed so innocent; and then I thought, what-the-hell, maybe she isn't so innocent, and I can't go around giving fatherly advice and, anyway, the dog needed water. She said the dog was a mixture of shepherd and husky and I said that is a hard kind of dog to get acquainted with but this one was young and friendly although panting and excited with all those legs. You couldn't see the bodies or the people, but some were sandaled and some barefoot, and you kind of got a feeling what they were like just by seeing them pass. The dog didn't belong to her, she said, but to a man with purple pants. She crawled out after a while and turned the dog over to me. The man had purple pants, all right; he came by and peered in and the dog frisked, and then the man went over to the next sound truck and climbed up.

The temperature was about 90 outside, with a ring of city buses right around the White House labeled "Arlington," and "Friendship Heights" and "14th Street," and they made a mobile barrier that would have saved the Bastille. The crowd was happy and anguished. Everybody loved everybody, and loved the police (or nearly everybody) and there was this deep frustration. They were milling about, splashing like children in the pools, or trying to find a toilet, or a package of cheese crackers or something.

As I lay there I realized it was a kind of religious experience. They were charged with altruism and idealism and what-not. They didn't call it God, but they were looking for something desperately; they knew something had to be done and didn't know what it was and would have given their lives for it. They stayed on even though the performance was boring and the speeches terrible. It was like one of those early Methodist meetings in pastures you read about, only here it was the Ellipse behind the White House.

I don't know. Lying there under the truck it seemed I had to be honest. It seemed to me this war from the first was an awful mistake. We can't police Asia. I think we have lost the war already. If the nation can't accept it, it is just too bad. Other big nations have lost wars. So what? The blame belongs to a lot of people, but that isn't the point. The point is that it is disrupting the nation, tearing it apart, costing billions that ought to go to hungry children, costing lives, costing we don't know what.

The moratorium crowd, Oct. 15, was a kind of picnic. Not this; it had begun to discover something. There are eight million college students in the country, they are potentially the biggest political force there is. Up on the platform outside, there was a lot of addled talk from speakers about a nationwide "strike." Nonsense. These kids around me were just beginning to sense that if they try they can stop the war; they can put on shoes and neckties and wash themselves and go out and elect antiwar congressmen. They can do it. They have the greatest political asset there is, enthusiasm. Congress knows it, and the Cabinet knows it, and even the President has snapped back to reality and knows it.

Mr. Nixon will tell the nation about Cambodia after it is over, and as I sat there I began writing his speech for him.

"Good evening, my fellow Americans (he will begin). The action in Cambodia has achieved its purpose much faster than expected and we have won several megatons of rice and several light years of ammunition and, vastly more important, six to eight months of valuable time. A just peace is now in sight. By the time another census rolls around the brave South Vietnamese will be able to stand alone.

"The easy political course would be to ignore the small minority that did not trust me. However, this is an open Administration. Any member of my Cabinet can see me anytime provided he applies 15 months in advance. We must bear patiently the words of doubt and defeat which Lincoln never had to endure. Let us forgive them! We should lower our voices and come together, and let the National Guard handle troublemakers.

"Let us shed a tear for the four students at Kent State University who learned too late that when dissent turns to violence it invites tragedy. Let us not betray our fine conscript soldiers in Southeast Asia who stand tall beside those bums who haven't been drafted.

"In order that our withdrawing soldiers may not be jeopardized I have a little surprise for you; I have just ordered a new force of allied troops, accompanied by bombing, to enter Laos and Thailand, whose neutrality we are scrupulously observing.

"To protect our credibility in Moscow and Peking it is vitally important at this crucial juncture that our government be not weakened by critical voices. When the going gets tough keep the rhetoric cool.

"My fellow Americans, if this makes me a one-term President, so be it; that is better than seeing America reduced to a second-rate power which defeat in 1972 would assuredly involve. And I ask support in this, not for my own sake but for your brave sons, fighting half way round the world to redeem my promises."

The dog needed water so I went to look for it.

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An Antiwar Congress

Survival in American politics, old pros will tell you, requires a fine discrimination of what it takes to survive the next election – a blend of high-flown rhetoric, hard-boiled skepticism of good intentions, and a neat calculation of where the real power lies. But a disinterested patriotism does break through when we're in bad trouble, and even cynical politicians can be reached by it. It broke through last week in the halls of Congress as small groups of students strolled from office to office to talk with their representatives about the war. Hundreds of them from all over the country confronted the senators and representatives, explained their feelings about Cambodia, the war in general, and the nation's needs as they see them. These were not the smooth, self-seeking lobbyists. They had not come to the capital for personal gain, and they could not be put off by handshakes or evasions. They were direct, insistent, and moving evidence that the democratic order is vital. Back home, too, in numerous communities, the young were demonstrating how well the lessons of citizenship had been learned. In one small Vermont town, the students of Middlebury College, shaken by the invasion of Cambodia and by the killings at Kent State University, arranged with the faculty and the administration to stop business-as-usual for six days of reflection and persuasion. Two faculty members and two students traveled to Washington to see their senator, Mr. Aiken. Those who stayed behind, the boys with new haircuts and the girls discarding frayed blue jeans for dresses, went about the village to talk to their community about the war. They found no doors barred. Lyndon Johnson could say "Let us reason together," and it did not happen, but these students could make it happen.

An abundance of new antiwar coalitions has flowered in the past two weeks – dazzling in its profusion and superficial lack of order. What they have in common is their purpose: mobilizing for a swift end to the Indochina war. There is more coordination in all their activities than is first apparent. Old and new groups met quietly in Washington the weekend of the mass Ellipse demonstration to divide up the work, and although there were "ego hassles," they were resolved; it was recognized that "there's enough for everyone to do without anybody's getting trampled." Their principal target is the Congress, which, finally, has begun to take seriously its responsi-

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bility for the funding, or not funding, of the military. A bipartisan antiwar caucus is emerging in the Senate and the House, which takes its text from The Federalist Papers: The congressional "power over the purse may, in fact, be regarded as the most complete and effectual weapon with which any constitution can arm the immediate representatives of the people." The congressional caucus is not yet a majority; that is why the elections this November are so crucial. But it is there, and it needs public encouragement. It also needs a more explicit recognition by its members that the caucus has a long-range function – not only to vote up or down this resolution or that in coming weeks, not only, as Arthur Goldberg puts it, to "exercise its constitutional authority to stop the war" – but to make of itself a continuing legislative force for the reconstruction of our disintegrating and divided society.

"Power Belongs to the People" is nothing but a slogan, until people make it work. They are beginning to. Thus, last week, a Congressional Clearing House came into being, with a central Washington, D.C. office (Tel.: 202-638-2500), a staff of volunteers and data that will be used to direct manpower, money and research to their best use in this year's elections. Largely the work of Mark Talisman, administrative assistant to Rep. Charles Vanik (D, Ohio), the Clearing House has the support and participation of all the major antiwar groups, which plan to use it as their switchboard.

LEAVE THE BLOOD BATHS TO REAGAN
HOW MANY VIETNAMESE FOUGHT IN OUR CIVIL WAR?
PEACE LIKE NOW
WELL, DICK, YOU BROUGHT US TOGETHER
PAX
MAULDIN
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"We can't go on meeting like this . . ."

Crucial primaries are just ahead. Volunteers must be reached and recruited before the universities close in June. Indeed, volunteers must be recruited to lobby in Congress right now. The Cooper-Church amendment to put a deadline on financing the Cambodian invasion was scheduled for consideration late last week. There is precedent for congressional intervention of the sort this amendment represents. Last year, the Congress ordered that, "None of the funds appropriated by this [Defense appropriation] Act shall be used to finance the introduction of American ground troops into Laos and Thailand." The McGovern-Hatfield amendment to the Military Procurement Authorization Act, mandating a cutoff on military appropriations for the war after this December, will shortly be put to a vote in the Senate. That amendment is the subject of a national petition being circulated by Project Pursestrings (1616 K Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005), a new group led by Sam Brown of the Vietnam Moratorium and Josiah Lee Auspitz of the Republican Ripon Society.

Also aiming to enlist volunteers, raise campaign money and provide technical political assistance is the Movement for a New Congress (62 Washington Road, Princeton, N.J.) under the direction of Gary Orfield, a young Princeton professor. It is using computers to register volunteers who are available to work in crucial House and Senate races. Students have already been dispatched to campaign in Philadelphia and Connecticut. When computer analyses of crucial roll-call votes in the Congress over the past ten years have been completed, volunteers will be sent from 14 regional centers to work in "marginal" congressional races where there is a real chance to elect peace (and civil rights) candidates. The Princeton project made contacts with 300 student bodies the first week. The "Princeton Plan" – recessing classes for two weeks for electioneering during the heat of the fall campaign – has been picked up by other universities.

The Congressional Action Fund (815 - 17th Street N.W., Suite 421, Washington, D.C. 20006) formed in March but announced only last week, and the 22-year-old National Committee for an Effective Congress (10 East 39th Street, New York City 10016) stand out among organizations soliciting funds for antiwar congressional candidates. The Committee for an Effective Congress, which traditionally has attracted generous contributions from "professionals – well-heeled, educated, older," is trying to raise a million dollars from a direct mail campaign. It will be spent where there is "a clear difference between candidates," and a likelihood that financial support will really affect the outcome. It will not, for instance, put money into opposing the reelection of people like Senator Gale McGee of Wyoming, or any hawk run-

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ning against someone whose position on the war is likely to be as bad or worse. The Congressional Action Fund, directed by a former HUD lawyer, Michael Cole, is more youth- and issue-oriented. It is asking for contributions from 25- to 35-year-old professionals, through person to person contact. Its goal is a one percent of income donation. Money will go to candidates nominated by a board of 25 public figures (ranging in age and style from former Senator Ernest Gruening to David Mixner, a coordinator of the Moratorium), picked by contributors to whom ballots will be sent. The first three congressional candidates to get help are to be named this week.

The Peace Commencement Fund, Yale-initiated, has gone national and hopes to get $1 million from students who choose to graduate without cap and gown, contributing their $10 rental fees to "the cause" (3111 Yale Station, New Haven, Conn. 06520). It has already got in touch with seniors at 150 schools.

Technical assistance for antiwar political candidates will be available from Referendum '70, a group formed in January with J. K. Galbraith as honorary chairman (815 - 17th Street, NW, Suite 421, Washington, D.C. 20006). It originally had other functions, including massing of volunteers, but these have since been sloughed off. Referendum '70 now is specializing in providing graphics, designing effective literature and assisting in media campaigns.

Individual enterprise is rampant. For example, Garrison Nelson, a political science instructor at the University of Vermont, is doing voter analysis and devising a "score on the war" for members of the House of Representatives. SANE, the American Friends Service Committee, the NAACP, the New Democratic Coalition, the ADA, the National Student Association, hundreds of striking universities and colleges, groups at Rochester, MIT, Smith, Williams, Columbia, Dartmouth, Cornell and countless student bodies in the Mid and Far West are involving themselves in their special ways. College and university professors are being asked to donate at least a day's salary to the Universities National Antiwar Fund established by Nobel laureates and operating out of MIT (Box 800, Cambridge, Mass. 02139). The Council for a Livable World (Dupont Circle Bldg., Washington, D.C. 20036) is also raising money to help peace candidates.

Those working to elect an antiwar Congress will not only have to explain what they want and why they want it to those who customarily vote, but to those who don't but should. In the last off-year election, 1966, 52,902,000 Americans voted, only 46.3 percent of all those eligible to vote. In contrast, in the federal parliamentary elections of Canada in 1968, 75 percent of the eligible voters went to the polls.

The New Republic welcomes information from readers on what local antiwar election campaigns are being conducted, and how they are doing.

Walter Reuther

When Walter Reuther's plane crashed on the night of May 9, he was on his way to still another mission. The secluded spot – Black Lake – to which he was flying in the north woods of Michigan was to be much more than a resort for auto workers. It would be an intellectual center to inspire new generations of Walter Reuthers. Some say that he was spurred in this purpose when he heard in 1968 that the Flint local was going for Wallace. (He had turned that vote around to Humphrey by election day.)

Those aboard the aircraft might have been characters in a morality play. There was his wife May, a reminder of Walter the Puritan radical, straitlaced to a fault. There was his bodyguard, a reminder of a life spent amidst threats, beatings, shootings. There was the architect, another of those technicians always around to implement ambitious designs for industry, country, world. And there was Reuther himself with his need, at 62, to be ever-present at the creation – in person.

There was a Daedalus quality about the man. He first soared with the CIO and will probably be known as its truest spokesman, though John L. Lewis first headed it, Philip Murray continued it, and it was Reuther who finally dissolved it into the AFL. Ironically, it was also Reuther who later withdrew the UAW from the AFL-CIO to compose the Alliance for Labor Action.

It was one of many ironies. It was Walter, the peace-loving Socialist internationalist who, before Pearl Harbor, proposed putting the auto industry on a wartime footing. It was Walter, Worker Party advocate, who became a pivotal Democrat, opposing a third party resolution at the UAW convention. It was Walter, arch-representative of industrial unionism, who contrived a compromise with his skilled crafts to hold the UAW together. It was Walter who left the AFL-CIO to pursue loftier goals, and who, to add power to purpose, made his compact with the Teamsters; 12 years earlier he had helped oust them from the Federation as unworthy brethren. It was Walter, heading a union that is a major beneficiary of war contracts, who wired the President May 7: "Widening the war at this point in time once again merely reinforces the bankruptcy of our policy of force and violence in Vietnam."

He was a model of the modern good man, torn between what should and can be.

Gus Tyler

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Dividing the Farmers

Farmers across the Midwest who contributed heavily to Richard Nixon's election in 1968 are becoming restive. Farm prices have been fair-to-good, depending upon the product, and net farm income was up last year from $15 billion in 1968 to $16 billion. But the "omnibus" farm program expires at the end of the 1970 crop year, and the farmers don't like what they hear from Washington about its (and their) future.

Most major subsidy programs (wheat, feed grains, cotton, wool) were for the first time lumped together in one package in the omnibus farm bill of 1965. The political strategy was simple: make wheat men support cotton men and cotton growers back the wool industry and require all of them to get in line for an expanded food stamp program desired by urban interests. A simple extension of that '65 bill would satisfy most farm organizations today. But it would not satisfy the Administration, which wants to get out from under a $3.5 billion-plus annual subsidy program. To cut costs, it would like to kill once and for all the concept of "parity," which is sacred in the Midwest because it ties price supports on wheat and feed grains to rising production costs through a complicated formula. For "parity," the Administration proposes substituting world market prices, which bear little relation to production costs in this country, as its basis for subsidies; it also wants to remove the present floor on subsidy payments. This plan, which could mean disaster for the Midwest, has support from the American Farm Bureau Federation (AFBF), but solid opposition from a coalition of 32 other farm organizations, including major groups such as the National Farmers Organization (NFO) and National Farmers Union (NFU). It's the old story: commercial *vs.* family oriented organizations.

Wheat and feed grain farmers are now paid to take a certain number of acres out of production. For nearly 10 years, the Department of Agriculture has been advancing up to 50 percent of this payment when growers sign up early in the year. Farmers had come to depend upon these advances for seed money and extra cash to pay their income taxes. Last year, however, the Administration notified farmers that advance payments (some $400 million) wouldn't be made in 1970. So in February, thousands of marginal operators in the wheat and feed grains belt that runs from Texas north to the Dakotas, spreading west to the Rockies and east across the Mississippi were forced to try to get loans at 10 percent and up to finance their spring operations. Many couldn't find a bank in their small town with money to loan, since depositors had put their money in short-term Treasury notes paying higher rates of interest.

What did the Administration gain? The decision to withhold the advance payments was apparently an accounting gimmick of the Budget Bureau, which wants to charge the $400 million to the 1971 budget.

But the most fascinating feature of the Administration's misadventures in agriculture is the so-called "Southern strategy" that surfaced during recent maneuvers on the Hill over the omnibus farm program. Chairman W. R. Poage, (D, Tex.), of the House Agriculture Committee needs Administration help to pass any farm bill, since a vital bloc of votes in the House is loyal to the White House. It is also crucial to his purposes to keep lawmakers responsive to both the two major producer blocs – cotton, and wheat and feed grains. But Poage, like most Southern members, must prevent Congress from placing a dollar limit on the amount an individual producer can get under the various crop programs. This is vital to the South, because the bulk of the producers receiving large payments are cotton growers, Texas and Mississippi leading the list. There are 134 cotton producers in poor Poage's district who receive $10,000 or more apiece in annual subsidies.

The Administration began by offering a deal: if Southern members whose power base in many cases is its wealthy cotton growers, would help scrap the "parity" concept on wheat and feed grains, the Administration would sweeten the cotton program just a bit.

Southern members of the House Livestock and Grains Subcommittee quickly jumped at the Administration offer, providing six of the eight votes needed to get the Administration plan for seed grain and wheat out of the subcommittee by an 8-7 vote. That triggered farm leaders from the Midwest, who quickly calculated that the Administration plan would set a ceiling on the income of wheat and seed grain producers that would ignore increasing production costs. They called the subcommittee action a "sellout." Since then, the full committee has killed the first proposal, and the Administration has come up with a new plan, but the new plan still lacks guarantees Midwestern farm leaders are demanding.

If the cotton bloc in the South and the wheat and feed grains coalition in the Midwest are permanently split by the Administration's tactics, it could open the door for new political alignments that would bring NFU and NFO into active cooperation with left-of-liberal groups.

In Secretary Benson's days, the full impact of the farm revolt didn't show itself until the fall of 1958, when the GOP was knocked out all over the Midwest. Since then, the number of farmers has steadily declined by over 100,000 per year. They and their city relatives are nevertheless a voting bloc as large as any other in the country, and President Nixon's cherished dream of capturing the Senate for the GOP this fall could be blown sky high by a farmer reaction in a handful of key states.

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Shakeup in Virginia

From 1902 (when payment of a poll tax was made a prerequisite of voting) to 1969, Virginia was ruled by the nominally Democratic Byrd oligarchy, Republican in sympathy, Southern conservative by conviction. Those days are dead. Republican A. Linwood Holton occupies the governor's mansion, the first of his party to do so since Reconstruction. At Holton's inaugural this January, the nine-man delegation representing the national Administration, headed by Attorney General Mitchell, sat on a rain-spattered platform and listened to an address in which the governor quoted with approval not only Abraham Lincoln, but also liberal Republican John Gardner, head of the Urban Coalition, of whom the Attorney General's negative opinion is well known. One of Holton's first appointments to his immediate staff was that of William B. Robertson, a 37-year-old Negro school principal, as his administrative assistant in charge of consumer protection and job development for minority groups. And on May 7, as the students converged on Washington, the governor said, "The Vice President's speeches today are not helping to bring the country together. I think he ought to ease up."

The newly elected Lieutenant Governor J. Sargent Reynolds and Attorney General Andrew P. Miller are also a new breed – modern Democrats, mere boys when Harry Truman made his classic remark, "There are too many Byrds in Congress."

And now the Senate seat held from 1932 to 1965 by Byrd *père*, and since then by his namesake son, is up for renewal.

On March 17, Senator Byrd announced his candidacy for reelection, but not as a Democrat; he would run as an independent in November. A delegation representing wealthy and well-born Richmonders who left the Democratic party to support Holton thereupon waited on the senator in Washington and urged him to cross the aisle. He declined. They announced themselves for him anyway. But the Republican National Committee did not; nor did the governor. GOP National Chairman Rogers C. B. Morton saw an "excellent opportunity" for Virginia's Republicans to place a real party member in Byrd's seat this year, and Governor Holton declared that while Byrd would be a welcome addition to the party, if he wanted party support he must actively seek it. After it became clear that Byrd would not seek it, a date was set for a Republican senatorial nominating convention.

On May 2, the Democrats showed that they too had flown the Byrd coop. The State Central Committee rejoined the national party, agreeing to remove any local or state party official found not to be "doing all within [his] power to aid in the victory of the Party's nominees at the polls, including all general elections." They resolved to provide year-round financing (facilitated through credit cards) and a full-time state executive (the Republicans have had one for some time). And in repealing the unit rule for delegation voting at national conventions, they fell in line with the recommendations of the McGovern Commission of the National Democratic Party.

Byrd will profit statewide from the best-known name in Virginia politics and from the advertising his own wealth permits. His opponents, at the start, will be known chiefly in their home localities. But unlike his, their progress around the state will be fostered by local organizers, and in last year's primary the gubernatorial candidate with the most elaborate TV exposure came in last.

The Nixon Watch

On the Phone

Just being around the White House the past two weeks, as close (which isn't very close) as reporters are allowed to get to the real doings there, has been educational. It has been a time for watching the President under stress, for observing the effect of his performance upon some of the people who work for him and who, like the reporters, learn or at least come to realize things about his personality and his leadership and the processes of national decision that were hidden or dimly perceived at best during the first 15 months of the Nixon Presidency.

The staff habit of denying, for instance, that Mr. Nixon ever loses his cool, tires himself beyond the limits of prudence, and says and does things in those circumstances that he later regrets suddenly went out of fashion. It was said for him last week, not as in the past that he never has a sleepless night, but that it would be a gross and damaging exaggeration to say that he has had a whole string of them since this time of heightening and unceasing pressures upon him began in early March. Mr. Nixon made the former claim impossible with his performance on the night of his May 9 press conference and through the dawn and morning of the following day, the Saturday of the rally of antiwar students and other protesters in Washington. A change had occurred, an act of recognition and understanding had taken place at the White House, when it could be said as I heard it said there about that Saturday, "It wouldn't have been a good day for something bad to happen, would it?"

After the press conference, which I thought the President handled with impressive skill, he wanted to talk to people and he wanted to be as he had been

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through most of the preceding day – alone. The telephone enabled him to have it both ways, and he made ample and revealing use of an instrument to which, it turns out, he is as devoted as Lyndon Johnson was. First in his Oval Office in the West Wing of the White House, and then in the adjoining Mansion, he talked and talked and talked with people who called him and whom he called. Mrs. Nixon, his two daughters and his son-in-law, David Eisenhower, were away for the night at Camp David in Maryland. He was full of the press conference, of what he took to be his successful effort to be at once firm and conciliatory. His Cambodian decision had been his alone, it was *right*, and even the protesters gathering in their thousands that night would come to see that it was although of course they would never admit it. He talked, too, of his need to be understood and of the troubling failure and refusal of so many people to understand him and the nature of the Presidency. He told some of his callers to study, to think about, the press conference answer in which he had spoken of senators and others who "have the luxury of criticism" and had said of himself, "I don't have that luxury." He had been trying, he said, to get across what it meant to have the final and total responsibility for the decisions a President has to make, not just about Vietnam and Cambodia but about the whole range of our problems.

He spoke to others of the number and complexity of those problems, of his own problem of communicating with all of the segments of a divided society in ways that would not alienate one segment while pleasing others. He knew better than his critics, he said, how deep and dangerous the divisions were. What could he do, what could he say, to manage and heal and lessen the divisions? He spoke in particular of his liberal critics. When would they understand, would they ever understand, that he was more liberal than many of them were? His Quaker forebears on his mother's side, the Milhouses, had risked their lives before the Civil War with the underground railroad of that day, bringing black slaves from the South to freedom in Indiana. How, with such an ancestry, could he be the blind conservative that so many liberals seemed to think he was? What – again – could he do, what could he say that he hadn't been doing and saying to convince them, the Negroes and black-hating whites, the antiwar students and the blue-collar people who hated *them* (he mentioned the construction workers on pro-war rampage in New York City), that he sympathized with their frustrations and understood the difficulties that different kinds of Americans have in living with and adjusting to each other.

At 1:30 A.M. he rang up Nancy Dickerson of NBC, who with a question at the press conference had given him the first of two chances to say at once that he wanted to quiet the more abusive rhetoric of his Administration and that he was not about to muzzle Vice President Agnew or any other official. Miss Dickerson recalled to him that he had said he would be glad to meet some of the student demonstrators in person if it could be arranged and she urged him to do it. "Why, I really love those kids," he said. "I've told Haldeman and Ehrlichman (H. R. Haldeman and John D. Ehrlichman, his chief domestic assistants) to bring them in. I want to see them all." It seemed to her that the President was pleading to be believed, to be understood by her and others as he understood himself. At 3:30, still up and at it, he telephoned Helen Thomas, one of United Press International's White House reporters. He had closed the press conference with a moment of tribute to Merriman Smith, a UPI reporter who had covered the White House since 1934 and had shot himself in April. The President was rambling a little by that hour, his tiredness came over the telephone to Miss Thomas, but so did his affection for "Smitty" and his desire that she understand that his gesture the night before had come from the heart.

The President said later that he went to bed for an hour or so, didn't sleep well, and got up and telephoned Manolo Sanchez. Manolo, Mr. Nixon's Cuban-American valet, is also a friend and companion, a lively and witty and loyal servant with whom Mr. Nixon seems to be comfortable in much the way that he is comfortable with C. G. (Bebe) Rebozo, the Florida neighbor and businessman who is often with the President and his family in Miami, in Washington, in California. Sanchez and his wife live at the Mansion, on the third floor above the Nixon quarters. What happened after Manolo was awakened and summoned made national and now familiar news: the President and Manolo driving with a few "petrified" Secret Service men to the Lincoln Memorial at 5 A.M., the President rousing and talking, trying "to relate," with a few sleepy student demonstrators; then on to the Capitol, a hurried tour of the Rotunda and the House chamber; and finally, joined by five frantically alerted staff assistants, a breakfast of eggs and hash – his first in five years, the President later said – at the Mayflower Hotel. Mr. Nixon insisted on telling it all for himself, after his return to the White House at 7:37, and the memorable thing about his appealing and happy account is that it consisted almost entirely of what he said to the students and almost nothing of what they said to him. The few among them who were found and interviewed afterward indicated that they were dazed, baffled, as if caught in a dream that – one of them said – should never have happened. It was an unkind reaction, not the effect that the President obviously sought, but other adults who have tried "to relate" with youngsters of the kind encountered at the Lincoln Memorial must sympathize with Mr. Nixon and award him a plus for trying.

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Through the day of demonstrations that followed, some of the President's assistants received and listened to and talked with several hundred students and faculty members who were invited in from the guarded streets. Mr. Nixon saw none of them – it was, as he said, difficult to arrange with discretion and without seeming to exploit them. He worked awhile in the Oval Office and walked out of the West Wing for a chat with an Army detail concealed, just in case, in the basement of the adjoining Executive Office Building. Around one o'clock he took a pre-luncheon nap and then worked as usual through the afternoon. He must have heard, though nothing was said about his hearing, the hugely amplified sound rolling from the Ellipse, south of the White House, where somewhere between 60,000 and 100,000 protesters were assembled, suffering gladly in the hot sun and visibly bored with the expectable platform rhetoric except when, as at one unplanned moment, a speaker yelled through the loudspeakers and over TV: FUCK RICHARD NIXON! That was not the mood, or anyhow the expressed mood, of the students who were invited to come in and talk with Nixon aides. They were said to have been mostly attentive, deeply concerned with Cambodia and with much else that they thought wrong with American society and with the Administration, and more pleased than a good many of them wanted to admit with this access to people who might pass along their views to the President. I never could get it confirmed that the memorandum accounts of the student sessions prepared by the staff hosts actually reached the President; it was said only that the essence of them did in one form or another. But it was clear enough that Mr. Nixon and his principal assistants had come alive to a need for communication and a gap in their communication with the more restless elements in divided America that he and most of the men who serve him had been disastrously slow to recognize.

All the while, of course, the Cambodian invasion proceeded and was declared to be "an enormous success" by the President's spokesmen. The show of early withdrawal of some of the American troops from Cambodian territory, the deluge of statistics on captured munitions and destroyed enemy bunker complexes (not including, at this writing, the North Vietnamese-Vietcong "headquarters" that the President had been so confident of finding), served to muffle the anxieties that Mr. Nixon had aroused and to postpone, though surely not for long, the realization that another country has in fact been brought into the theater of the Vietnam war and into the area of Southeast Asia requiring American defense. Mr. Nixon, having indulged his need to explain himself and to make himself understood, has in prospect the larger job of explaining what he has done in Asia and of making that understood in the way he wants it to be. He has not, one must predict, had his last sleepless night.

John Osborne

Conservation Collides with The Jobless

Battle of Beaufort

by Arthur Simon

If it is true, as *Newsweek* reports (April 13), that "a prototypical battle in the new age of ecology" may be shaping up in Beaufort County, South Carolina, then anti-pollution and anti-poverty forces in the nation could be on a collision course. Since the middle of April a number of things have happened to make such a prototypical fight likely, including Senator Muskie's announcement that his Senate Subcommittee on Air and Water Pollution will hold hearings on Hilton Head Island within the next several weeks. When he comes, Muskie will find himself caught in the crossfire of those who are looking for conservation and those who are looking for jobs.

Beaufort County came to national prominence on the hunger issue when Dr. Donald Gatch began tattling to the public about patients with diseases of hunger and maintaining that most black youngsters in his

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area were infested with intestinal parasites. (See "The Way It Is in South Carolina," by Robert Coles and Harry Huge, *NR*, November 30, 1968). Gatch took Senator Fred Hollings on a tour of homes in the area and Hollings subsequently announced a change of mind on the hunger issue in dramatic testimony before the McGovern committee. Hollings was credited with shoring up Senate opinion behind the McGovern investigations at a time when funds for this work were threatened with a sharp cutback. All of this brought Beaufort unwanted prominence, but it helped. "Until Gatch came, no politician helped the blacks," one black leader told me.

On October 2, 1969, Gov. Robert McNair and the president of Badische Anilin und Soda Fabrik A.G. (BASF) announced in Germany that $100 million worth of industry – a dyestuffs plant and a styrene polymer (plastics) plant – would be erected on the bluffs overlooking the virgin waters of Port Royal Sound in Beaufort County. Later a petro-chemical plant was added to the proposed complex, provided that the administration in Washington grants BASF permission to import daily and duty-free 40 million barrels of naphtha, a liquid distillate of petroleum. This total industrial complex could run to an investment of several hundred million dollars. McNair's announcement was hailed by state and local leaders as the cure for economic ills in this part of South Carolina. It would mean more jobs, better jobs.

Beaufort County and South Carolina had wooed BASF with a passion. According to Caspers G. Barr, head of the State Ports Authority, the attitude of state officials like himself, who considered this South Carolina's biggest industrial prize ever, was "Boys, we want you. How can we help you come in?" BASF officials were treated so well that Senator Hollings later complained, "You would have thought they were returning astronauts." Consequently the September 18 contract between the SPA and BASF shows signs of generosity and exceptional haste. The state promised to build a 13.5 mile railroad track to the port, dock and watershed facilities, and a four-lane highway for access to the plant; it promised a five-year tax relief and a dredged harbor – costs the state considered small compared to jobs and taxes that would accrue.

The entire project had been kept under wraps until after the contract was signed. Some (but not many) raised questions about conflict of interest. State Representative Wilton Graves, now retiring, renewed an option several times on land adjoining the BASF site, and bought the property after the company's decision. Grave's colleague, State Representative W. Brantley Harvey, Jr., also from Beaufort County, has been retained as a legal counsel for the company. However few opponents scented dishonesty. Most saw only irrepressible eagerness to bring in a "blue chip industry," and if well-placed citizens expected to profit from it, well, that was the way those things happened.

Port Royal Sound is the last, or one of the last (accounts vary), unspoiled estuary on the East Coast. Should its waters be placed in jeopardy? Or should the promise of jobs and industrial wealth be passed by? BASF promises, not backed by hard data on who would be getting the jobs and where the jobholders would come from, evoked inflated hopes and support for the plant from economically depressed blacks and whites. Various figures were given out at different times by company spokesmen, but Dr. Herbert Ende, manager-designate of the plants, finally settled on 600 jobs for the dyestuffs and plastics plants, of which 150 would be unskilled, 150 semi-skilled, 150 skilled and the rest supervisory and managerial positions. But construction work, and later satellite plants attracted by the BASF enterprise, could be expected to provide many other openings. The extra bait of satellite plants accelerated support for the project among low income residents, who have more at stake in upgraded positions than in new unskilled jobs. But since, according to Dr. Hans Lautenschlager, president of the BASF US subsidiary, some satellite plants would also be chemical plants, their expectation also accelerated fears.

Opponents of the plant consist primarily of Hilton Head Island property developers, residents on their developments and the area seafood workers, including a black fishermen's cooperative. These people have maintained that South Carolina's pollution laws are among the weakest in the nation, that they have not been enforced, and that the advent of polluting industries would wipe out the fishermen and damage the tourist and leisure business, which, developers argue, the county is most suited for. They point to Dafuskie Island next to Hilton Head, where Savannah River waters have already ruined fishing and driven black residents to the city. Then in December the Charleston *News and Courier* disclosed that a Tenneco chemical plant, erected three years ago in Beaufort County over warnings, was causing a serious pollution problem.

In January Orion Hack, a reputable amateur conservationist, who works with his brother Fred, one of the two principal developers on Hilton Head, sponsored a four-day conservation symposium, expenses paid, at his Hilton Head Company's Port Royal Inn. This meeting and the report that ensued from the four dozen who attended, helped to alert environmentalists throughout the country. A legal suit was initiated. Signature-gathering efforts sent a shrimp boat on its way to Washington with over 35,000 names for Secretary of the Interior Walter Hickel. An advertising campaign, underwritten by the developers, carried the message; even better, so did newspapers and several national magazines. A seemingly hopeless cause rapidly became strong enough for Hickel to step in and insist that the BASF provide hard guarantees that it will not pollute. Since the federal Water Pollution Control Authority had announced already in March

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that no permit for discharging effluents could be expected before next January, the company decided to hold off further development for the time being.

Most reports have treated the BASF issue as a struggle between South Carolina's paternalistic political-industrial establishment and conservationists. It is that. But what may be a more serious struggle, one with disturbing implications for all of us, is pitting poor people against conservationists. When I visited Beaufort County late in April, the side-taking looked like this:

Local white establishment: In recent years Beaufort County has had a number of painful "near misses" in attempting to secure a sizable industry for the Port Royal area. In part this reflects the eagerness with which the state has solicited industry. It also reflects the poverty of Beaufort County and the surrounding area – especially during peacetime. The Parris Island Marine training station, a naval hospital and a Marine air station are all in the county, thanks to Congressman Mendel Rivers. They supply 6000 of the 11,000 jobs in the county. If a military cutback comes, the county could be badly hurt. With pressure on state and county leaders because of the hunger hearings, the BASF coup was inordinately desired.

Ed Boyer, head of the Beaufort County Development Commission, rattled off memorized statistics on poverty: in Beaufort County and neighboring little Jasper County (which is even poorer), 1790 families below $1000 a year, 4903 families with $3000 or less yearly, about 40 percent of the housing substandard. Boyer said, "These are the only two counties in the nation getting free food stamps, where those who earn nothing don't have to pay anything. It has helped, but it is degrading to stand in line for food stamps. People would rather earn their way." Far from shying away from the question of poverty, local white leaders now cite it as a critical reason for bringing in the BASF. "We need that plant!" Boyer begged.

In 1968 the state bought an abandoned boarding school in Beaufort and turned it into a technical training center. Most of its 400 students are there part-time, to take their high school vocational courses, but close to a hundred are full-time students. The state has plans to build it up to a student body of 2000 or more resident students and make it a show-case. The BASF appears to figure in the equation, however, and the school is prepared to tool up with the same equipment that will be used in the BASF plants.

"Low country" blacks: Charles Simmons heads the county's OEO office in the town of Beaufort. He made no bones about his support for BASF. "I figure you have to give them a chance. They promised not to pollute, so let's hold them to their promise. . . . There's just no question, we need jobs, and BASF will bring in jobs." Blacks in the "low country" (meaning off Hilton Head Island) appear united in favoring the company. Even teenagers I spoke to were posted on the issue. One said to me, "The blacks are for it. The reason the developers don't want the plant is that they are afraid of losing their cheap help." Asked about the pollution danger, one black replied, "If BASF pollutes the sea, I'll buy my oysters from Maine." Another said, "I'm tired of fish. Give me some meat."

60 miles away from the Port Royal site, at the Thankful Baptist Church in Hampton County, Walter Burson buttonholed fellow members after church to join an NAACP-sponsored bus trip to Hilton Head Island to demonstrate for the plants. "It's the rich people on Hilton Head who are stopping it," he explained. "But if we get that plant, then people around here who earn maybe $1.60 an hour can get $2 or more. That can make a big difference."

"Low country" others: On the dock in Bluffton a couple of men were fishing. One amiable fellow, pleased to indoctrinate a Northerner with his "redneck" racial views, waved his arm toward the undeveloped bluffs overlooking a tidal basin. "Do you think this would stay the way it is with all those people coming in?" he asked.

Vice Admiral Rufus L. Taylor, retired deputy chief of the CIA, heads the Beaufort County Citizens Association, which largely with funding from the developers, spearheaded the advertising campaign to develop state and national support for the conservationists, though Taylor and the developers are not entirely enchanted with each other. Taylor thinks that a compromise could be worked out. "It would be a mistake to close the door on the company. But let's do things carefully and insist that the proper studies and designs be made and agreed upon in writing to insure the safety of the waters."

A white community worker, who asked to remain anonymous, said, "I'm for conservation, my instincts are for it. I grew up in ..... and I know what a mess pollution makes. But an atmosphere of repression hangs over this place, and that's the real pollution. When I see what these blacks have to put up with, I have to be for the plant."

Hilton Head Island Developers: Two developers own almost half of the island – Charles Fraser has the Sea Pines Plantation and Fred Hack directs three companies. Hack owns more land, but Fraser has done more spectacular developing. These areas are somewhat manicured and will have ten 18-hole golf courses when they are finished. You can buy lots on the developments for anywhere from $7000 to $60,000. Specifications for homes are such that it would be difficult to build there for less than $50,000. Many residents on the developments (all white) are wealthy retirees; but the island Jaycees claim to be the fourth largest in the state. Because of development residents,

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Beaufort County has the highest per capita income in the state.

Orion Hack is no doubt the most effective spokesman for the developers because conservation is a manifest love of his. I sat one evening in the home of Jim Palmer, a young island painter, while Orion showed two colored films he had made. One depicted scenes from the BASF chemical plants in Ludwigshafen, Germany: haze over the surrounding area, stacks spewing smoke, and filth in the river. Another showed a BASF petro-chemical plant in Freeport, Texas, which was in essence a repeat of the first film, but with interviews of several local blacks and whites tossed in to personalize the price that pollution exacts from ordinary people who live and work there.

The purpose of the Freeport film was to make inroads on the black community. The developers seem conscious of a touchy situation. For one thing the disparity between rich whites and poor blacks is nowhere in the state more glaring than on the island, when just about two-thirds of the 3500 residents there are black. Recognizing the poverty issue as their one vulnerable spot, whites on the island – like opponents of BASF in the "low country" – tended to soft-pedal poverty in Beaufort County. "Sure it's bad," the story ran. "But you have to remember that a low income here is not the same as a low income in the city. Here everybody, no matter how poor he is, has a little patch of land; and he can go to the water and fish anytime and have plenty of protein." This understanding, repeated often and with apparent sincerity, was met uniformly with smiles by blacks.

Island blacks: Blacks on Hilton Head Island are proud. They trace their heritage as free people before the Civil War, when the island was inhabited by fugitive slaves. After the war the island was theirs and they have been self-sufficient for generations. Blacks still speak of land that has been in the family for over a century. They also speak of white swindlers who over the years reduced black ownership of the island to perhaps 35 or 40 percent.

A majority of workers on the developers' payrolls are blacks, though not all of them come from the island. None are seen in the front offices. A few have salaries in the $8- to $10-thousand bracket, but most of them – waiters, waitresses, construction and maintenance men – fall in the $4- to $7-thousand range; caddies and dishwashers draw less.

Many among the island's blacks favor the company's arrival. Many do not, and these include members of the Hilton Head Fishing Cooperative, a flourishing enterprise with 25 shrimp boats and over 200 workers. Thomas C. Barnwell, Jr., secretary-treasurer of the co-op, said, "Industry is okay if it doesn't pollute, but they (BASF) would wipe us out. It would be the end." What about jobs for blacks? "If BASF was sincere they would have sent 40 blacks to Germany to train them. Then you could expect jobs. But a promise – no."

Caught in the squeeze is the Hilton Head Health Project, a parasite eradication program. Joseph Brown, a black islander who heads this project stood next to a wall illustrated with colored photographs of roundworms and infested organs of deceased victims. They are persuasive. Brown's program is run entirely by blacks from the island and is just winding up a random sampling of 800 islanders, black and white. Unless all previous tests in the country have been drastically in error (and none have been so thorough), the 800 samples will show a high incidence of infestation. (In the "low country" a mother of 11 told me that "just about all" of her children had been infected at some time. "They say they won't die from it, but I saw a little boy down the street who died and he had worms coming out of his throat.") The next and most critical stage of the program will utilize several unique approaches, including periodic use of a new drug over a two-year period in an effort to wipe out parasite worms on the island. It could become a model for the nation – if it survives. Seed money is running out and foundation support, even at the modest cost of $35-thousand a year, has not yet appeared. The project has received some help from the developers and the fishing cooperative, but Brown feels that the BASF issue dried up a lot of money that was anticipated from others who are now fighting the proposed plants.

The health situation again points out the uneven division of wealth on the island. A stylish medical center near the Sea Pines Plantation headquarters houses four MDs – two full-time physicians, one full-time dentist and a part-time psychiatrist – but none of them has visited Brown's make-shift office or contributed to the project. Near the entrance to the island is a county health clinic. Its door was locked when I arrived one afternoon, and a notice on the door said it was open four times a month from 11:00 to 1:00 and once a month from 11:00 to 5:00, for a total of 14 hours. However, a doctor is there only six hours each month. Consequently most of the island blacks travel to Bluffton, if they can, to see Dr. Gatch. Perhaps Senator Muskie will take time to look at some of these things.

Even on the state and national level one detects a certain coincidence of anti-poverty, anti-pollution sentiment on the one hand and indifference to poverty and concern for conservation on the other. The Nixon Administration, not distinguished as yet for combating poverty, has spoken, if provisionally, for the conservationists through Walter Hickel. At the state level Senator Strom Thurmond is in the same bag, and may have been instrumental in securing Hickel's warning. On the other side, Senator Hollings supported the BASF plants ardently, although since Hickel's announcement he has engaged in balancing maneuvers.

The situation appears to be a toss-up between anti-poverty and anti-pollution people, and it seems likely

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that one good cause will do damage to the other good cause. A benign outcome is possible, but it will take the coming-together of the best leadership from both sides, and the intermediary work of those like Landon Butler, who now agonize over both issues. Butler is a young, white civil rights activist and environmentalist who lives in a house on the island fronting the ocean. He worked for Fraser until they had a falling out over some conservation matter. Butler opposes the BASF bid and would like to spark a Nader-type report on the controversy. But he is torn between that and what he views as a clear need to bring industrial jobs to the country. After the BASF issue is settled he would like to see community representatives brought together for an intensive two-week "think-tank" session in order to come up with proposals for the county that would unite both sides on these issues. Barnwell spoke along the same line. "We need a new grouping of people to sit down and work out the problems in the community – something like a church without a pulpit, where people can point out problems and then roll up their sleeves and work on them."

There are some potent signals coming these days from Beaufort County. They say that if ecology has to do with the interdependence of life, then the fight to save our environment will have to be big enough to include the interdependence of people; more difficult, it will have to demonstrate this inclusive outlook quickly and convincingly. If it does not, then concern for environment is simply a new self-indulgence that the poor and hungry of the world cannot afford and will be forced to oppose. A lot is at stake in Beaufort.

Saving Face in Indochina

I- Mr. Nixon's Gamble

by Hans J. Morgenthau

It would be uncharitable, and redundant, to dwell in detail upon the factual deficiencies and logical inconsistencies of Mr. Nixon's April 30th speech. What shall one say of an authoritative exposition by the President of the United States of the Cambodian situation that manages not even to mention the source of the trouble, the overthrow of Sihanouk? Or what shall one make of the President's statement that we are after "the heart of the trouble," the enemy's headquarters for all of South Vietnam, while, when these headquarters cannot be found, both the Vice President and the Secretary of Defense assure us that of course they cannot be found since they are mobile? However, Mr. Agnew assures us on "Face the Nation" of May 3 that we found a "laundry facility" and large stores of "freshly laundered uniforms," and Bob Hope warns us on the "Tonight" show of May 4 that if Cambodia falls India will go and "before you know it we will be fighting in Staten Island." Ostensibly Mr. Hope was not joking, but neither were Messrs. Agnew and Nixon; or were all three of them trying to be funny with tongue-in-cheek?

Yet the farcical aspects of these presentations only serve to give poignancy to the tragedy present and impending. Mr. Nixon is caught in a dilemma caused by two irreconcilable impulses. On the one hand, he wants to disengage from Vietnam; on the other hand he wants to disengage only in circumstances which, if they don't carry the substance, at least convey the appearance, of a political victory. And political victory for him means the stabilization of the Thieu regime as the legitimate government of South Vietnam. But this conception of political victory is predicated upon a military victory, which even Mr. Agnew, in the May 3 broadcast, has declared to be unattainable.

The issue that since 1954 has pitted the United States against the Communists has always been simplicity itself: Who shall govern South Vietnam? The Communists have claimed that government for themselves and the United States has denied that claim. Both of us have resorted to the arbitrament of war and war has left the issue where it found it: undecided. Consequently, the substance of the issue in its present stage is not susceptible to a negotiated settlement, no more than the claim of the two women to the same baby was susceptible to adjudication by King Solomon. Once one or the other side has given up its claim, negotiations can seek modalities with which the losing side can cover its retreat. Thus the futility of the Paris talks is not anybody's fault but grows from the nature of things negotiable and non-negotiable.

Mr. Morgenthau's *article, "Nixon's Foreign Policy," appeared in the March 21 issue of* The New Republic. *He is professor of political science at the University of Chicago and the City University of New York.*

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Mr. Nixon has sought to combine withdrawal with at least the appearance of victory through the policy of Vietnamization. This policy has always been in the nature of an almost reckless gamble. The armed forces of the Saigon government, numbering roughly a million men (since the desertion rate is close to 20 percent a year, it is impossible to keep an exact count), with more than half a million American men bearing the brunt of the battle, have just been able to hold their own. Will these forces be able to hold their own when the American forces will have been reduced to, say, 200,000 men? Mr. Nixon has answered this question in the affirmative on three grounds: the success of pacification, the weakness of the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong, and the improvement of the armed forces of the Saigon government.

The success of pacification, obvious as a present fact, depends in its lasting effect upon the validity of the two other arguments. Vietnamese peasants have traditionally taken a passive attitude toward a central government: They submit to whoever appears to have the power to hurt and protect them. The Saigon government is at present in the ascendancy in much of the countryside, but for what reason? Is it because of a drastic and permanent change in the strategic balance of power between the Saigon government and its domestic enemies? Or is it because of the latter's tactical self-restraint in order not to disturb the planned progress of our withdrawal?

The weight of military opinion on the spot supports the latter thesis. It is widely held that much of the countryside is, in a manner of speaking, controlled by the Saigon government because the Vietcong and North Vietnamese have for the time being chosen not to contest that control, but they are capable of doing so any time they choose. On the other hand, we have refrained from putting Vietnamization to a major test of battle because we are afraid the Saigon troops will fail it. It has been reported that the decision to send American rather than Saigon troops deep into Cambodia resulted from the fear that the latter would be "slaughtered" by the enemy. Here appears indeed to be the key to our invasion of Cambodia.

Mr. Nixon has promised to withdraw 150,000 troops from Vietnam by May, 1971, but he is not quite confident that the enemy is as weak and the Saigon troops are getting as strong as both are proclaimed to be. If that weakness and this strength were to prove as illusory as they have proved to be so often in the past, he would indeed expose the remaining American troops to mortal danger after the promised 150,000 men have been withdrawn. In consequence, he must create a military situation so favorable as to allow him to withdraw these men even if the weakness of the enemy and the strength of the Saigon troops should not turn out what they are supposed to be. By doing this, he seeks to insure himself against the failure of the gamble of Vietnamization and thereby embarks upon another gamble even more reckless than the first; for the extension of the war into Laos and Cambodia is infinitely less promising and more risky than the withdrawal of American troops from South Vietnam predicated upon Vietnamization.

Before the fall of Sihanouk and the ensuing civil war in Cambodia and the recent advances of the North Vietnamese in Laos, there existed in both countries a relatively stable political and military situation. That stability was shattered in Cambodia by the deposition of Sihanouk, for which ostensibly rightist and pro-American elements are responsible. In Laos, the responsibility for the disturbance of the status quo lies clearly with the mercenary army of Meo tribesmen, organized by the CIA, which advanced into territories which had been assigned by the Geneva Agreement of 1962 to the Communist Pathet Lao. While before the Pathet Lao had limited itself to sporadic forays for the purpose of restoring and securing the line of demarcation of 1962, it now occupied in permanence territory that in 1962 had been assigned to the other side. It had surrounded for a number of years the town of Attapeu, occupied by the royal army, without ever seriously attacking it. Now it has taken it. However, the new instability in Laos is of minor importance as compared with that in Cambodia, caused by Sihanouk's downfall and Nixon's search of victory.

It taxes credulity that at this late date, after an experience of five years of futility, we should engage in yet another search-and-destroy operation, seriously believing that it will change the fortunes of war. Must it be said again that the enemy has an intelligence network that covers every town and every hamlet in South Vietnam? He has such a network because he is not a foreign invader but an organic part of the people. Hence, in contrast to ourselves, he is not easily surprised. He slips through the net we cast for him to reappear elsewhere or, after we have left, at the same spot where we thought he was. How often have we not cleared the Anshau Valley and how many times from how many hills have we not dislodged the enemy and how many brave and good men had to die to do it, and once it was done the enemy was back, and the gruesome, senseless game started all over again. Thus if the American troops found themselves in an "untenable position" because of the presence of Communist troops and supplies inside Cambodia, they cannot help finding themselves in that position again a little while after they have left.

However, the invasion of Cambodia is not only incredibly incompetent, but it is also unconscionably risky. Mr. Nixon's declared intention to limit the penetration of Cambodian territory to about 20 miles and to withdraw after a few weeks will turn out to be feasible only if the enemy is willing to play Mr. Nix-

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on's game. But the enemy is engaged not only in a hide-and-seek game with the American forces but also in a civil war on behalf of Sihanouk against the new regime at Phnom Penh. That new regime can count upon the Cambodian army, which is but a negligible military quantity, and a few thousand mercenaries of Cambodian extraction who have been fighting in South Vietnam and were airlifted by the United States to Phnom Penh. These forces are no match for the opposing army, of which, it is reported, 30 percent are Cambodians loyal to Sihanouk. What are we going to do if that army marches on Phnom Penh in order to restore Sihanouk to power?

If we allow this to happen and return to South Vietnam according to Mr. Nixon's plan, the Sihanouk who will then rule over Cambodia will not be the Sihanouk we knew and whose deposition we welcomed. Sihanouk would owe his return to power to the combined Communist parties of Indochina and, more particularly, to China, and his neutralism, always shrewdly adapted to the realities of power in Southeast Asia, would then be hardly distinguishable from outright partisanship for the Communist cause. If Mr. Nixon felt the situation in Cambodia, as it existed on April 30, sufficiently intolerable to justify a limited and temporary invasion, how much more intolerable must he find a Cambodia ruled by a government which is beholden to its Communist friends, especially China, for its return to power. If Mr. Nixon intervenes in order to prevent Sihanouk from ruling a Cambodia united under him, he will have still another civil war on his hands, which he can no more win with the methods thus far used than he could the civil war in South Vietnam. On a greatly enlarged scale, Mr. Nixon will then face the same dilemma which has stared him in the face in South Vietnam, barely concealed by the policy of Vietnamization: to withdraw regardless of the consequences to South Vietnam and Cambodia or to fight on to "victory."

In other words, the escalation of the war in Southeast Asia will not solve Mr. Nixon's dilemma; it will only serve to escalate it. By invading Cambodia, he has not escaped the dilemma between withdrawal with victory, real or apparent, and withdrawal without qualification; but he has made it more difficult to resolve. As long as he is wedded to the Thieu regime as the legitimate government of South Vietnam, which must be firmly in the saddle when we depart, he faces the worst of both worlds: The chase after an ever-elusive victory through ever-expanding war without end, or liquidation with the undisguised admission of defeat. It is extraordinary that a man so passionately concerned with saving face – "We will not be humiliated," we will not see "the nation accept the first defeat in its proud 190-year history," not counting the War of 1812 – is unable to see the organic connection between a face-saving withdrawal and the establishment in Saigon of a government which is able and willing to come to an understanding with the other side, instead of one that has a vested interest in the continuation of the war.

Yet on a more profound level, the futile chase after saving our face – like Ahab chasing Moby Dick and with similarly destructive results – raises still another question that touches the very core of American existence: what will it avail us to save our face in a war without end if we cannot save our souls, if we cannot save ourselves as a nation worthy to be saved? And what kind of face would it be we would be saving at the price of our souls and our purpose as a nation? I can see that face: ignorant, violent, brutal, lying, ugly, and mean – the face of some American Hitler.

II- Chairman Mao's Breakthrough

by Robert H. Yoakum

My Chinese acquaintance was impeccably dressed and spoke almost perfect English. I asked what kind of work he did.

"My work is traveling for the People's Republic of China," answered Mr. Hee. Then he added with a mischievous grin, "To see how things are going."

"And how *are* things going?"

"Very, very well. Your government's invasion of Cambodia was exactly on schedule."

"What schedule?" I asked.

"*Our* schedule," said Mr. Hee.

"I don't understand," I said, feeling irritated and embarrassed.

"Well," said Mr Hee, "several years ago our great leader, Chairman Mao, made a major psychological-geopolitical breakthrough. He learned that Americans fear, above all other things, losing face. This discovery by itself would not show that Chairman Mao is a genius; it was the application he made of it.

" 'What we shall do,' said Chairman Mao, 'is to use

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this American fear of losing face to suck them deeper and deeper into a psychological-economic-political-military struggle that they cannot win. We shall help them to bleed themselves to death. And we shall do this without employing one Chinese soldier.'

"This new policy was tested in a few small incidents," Mr. Hee continued, "the way your capitalists test products in local markets before selling them nationally. It worked perfectly. Then we launched the full program in Vietnam. From that point on you have been moving on our schedule.

"Our Chairman then further refined this plan. He called it the Self-Perpetuating Principle of Self-Destructive Face-Saving. It means that you make your enemy lose face in such a way that he thinks he is keeping it *while everyone else is watching him lose it.* He undermines his own prestige, and publicly humiliates himself – all the while talking loudly about how he will not be humiliated. It is the ultimate form of humiliation. And the enemy himself sustains the processes of his own unwitting suicide."

I shuddered.

"For example," Mr. Hee continued, "in the invasion of Cambodia it was necessary for President Nixon to say. . . ." Mr. Hee pulled a newspaper clipping from his pocket ". . . 'I would rather be a one-term President than be a two-term President at the cost of seeing America become a second-rate power, and see this nation accept the first defeat in its proud 190-year history.'

"You understand?" asked Mr. Hee. "We tell the rest of the world that you are fighting in Asia, killing tens of thousands of Asians, because you are power-mad and terrified of defeat at the hands of the ordinary people. You say you are fighting in Asia to help the Asians. But who do they believe when they read that your President has said he fears *American* defeat, and *America* becoming a second-rate power? The Asians see that you are mainly afraid of losing *your* face, not of their losing *their* heads. You do not see this. So you unwittingly hasten your own doom.

"Another example of how you lose face while you are keeping it: Your President says one day that he will withdraw 150,000 troops. Then ten days later he says it is necessary to invade Cambodia in order to protect American troops. If they are in such great danger now, how could he earlier have promised to weaken them by greatly reducing their numbers? That is precisely the kind of public announcement that is anticipated in the Self-Perpetuating Principle of Self-Destructive Face-Saving.

"Look at the results wrought by the application of Chairman Mao's Principle:

"First, your military men have been discredited. The more mistakes they make, the more ridiculous they look. The more ridiculous they look, the more face they lose. The more face they lose, the more they extend themselves. And the more they extend themselves, the more mistakes they make.

"Second, ten years ago there were almost no Communists in America. Now there are Communists in every slum and on every campus.

"Third, you have spent more than $100 billion on the Vietnam war, or the equivalent of about $3500 for each Vietnamese – an amount on which one could retire in that country. But instead of buying peasant prosperity, which could have ruined us, you have used the money on war and killing and face-saving, leaving yourself a legacy of hatred on which we will flourish.

"Fourth, you have not made South Vietnam into a showplace of capitalist glories, but rather into a showplace of continued poverty, disease, prostitution, and massive corruption.

"Fifth, your economy is beginning to come apart under the pressure of maintaining face everywhere, just as we thought it would.

"Sixth, your society is also coming apart because there are some Americans who do not care about saving face. The black faces, especially, do not care about saving white faces."

"But," I protested, "what if the people who want to save the country prevail over those who want to save face? Wouldn't your whole plan go down the drain?"

"Yes, it would," Mr. Hee admitted, "and we were concerned when President Johnson left Washington. No one worried more about saving face than he. But we need not have worried. The three most admired men in your nation, according to the Gallup Poll – President Nixon, Billy Graham, and Vice President Agnew – are all greatly afraid of losing face. We have nothing to fear."

Mr. Hee giggled, as though remembering something funny. "You know," he said, "until Chairman Mao made the breakthrough we had much trouble understanding you Occidentals. You look alike, you sound alike, and you hold life very cheaply. Even on the streets you attack one another, and your television each night dramatizes hundreds of horrible, violent, senseless deaths. You even let children watch. We had no idea how to deal with you.

"Now, after Chairman Mao's discovery, we still don't understand you very well, but we do know how to deal with you."

"Can you tell me what is planned for our future?" I asked.

"The future, . . ." Mr. Hee smiled scrutably; I could see that much had been planned for us. "Well, we shall wait until you are as mired in Cambodia as you are in Vietnam. Then Laos. Then Burma, India, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Iran, Iraq. . . ."

"Wait!" I almost shouted. "You're taking us right into the Middle East. That might mean war with Russia as well!"

"Ah, so?" said Mr. Hee.

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JULES FEIFFER

I SAW THE WOODSTOCK MOVIE.

HALF A MILLION PEOPLE GOING HUNGRY, BAREFOOT, SLOGGING THROUGH MUD.

AND WHAT I SAW WAS **LOVE!**

I WENT OUT INTO THE STREETS-

AND SAW A MILLION PEOPLE OVER FED, OVERDRESSED, STUCK IN TRAFFIC.

AND WHAT I SAW WAS **DEATH!**

AND I WANTED TO BURN DOWN ALL CITIES.

SO THAT MILLIONS COULD GO HUNGRY, BAREFOOT AND SLOG THROUGH MUD-

AND KNOW **LOVE.**

AN AMERICAN DREAM.

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Company

(Alvin)

Applause

(Palace)

Boris Aronson is seventy – probably the oldest scenic designer now active in the American theater. This is much more than a moist-eyed Grand Old Man note because his setting for *Company* is marvelous. Aronson's styles have ranged, through his career, from the naturalism of *Awake and Sing* to the abstraction of *J.B.*, but for *Company* he has made a setting quite unlike any of his work that I know. It is a skeletonized structure of (seeming) plexi-glass and steel with two open elevators in it and a huge cyclorama behind it on which rear projections flow past to supplement or specify the action. Yet this is no mere stack of boxes like Robin Wagner's set for the recent feeble production of *Mahagonny*; Aronson's setting *dramatizes* the cellular, scarily clean feeling of a modern Manhattan apartment house, including a touch of wit and a lot of good, varied playing spaces. Like so much that is new, the basic concept is a fresh use of the not-new. The mode is Constructivist and suggests the influence of two Russians, the sculptor Tatlin and the director-designer Meyerhold. (Aronson was born in Russia and lived there until he was twenty-three, so possibly knew their work first-hand.)

I dwell on the setting because, first, it is excellent, and second it is the best element in *Company*, and third, I'm convinced that, in a decisive way, it "makes" the show. The ultra-hip tone of *Company* rests on the work of this seventy-year-old designer.

The music and lyrics are by Stephen Sondheim. His lyrics are, again, good, as they were in *West Side Story* and *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum;* his music, is again (as in *Forum*), acute in rhythmic ingenuity and combination, weak in melodic invention. The book by George Furth is about a bachelor of thirty-five and five married couples, his friends, in the same house. The hero has a long scene with each of the couples, which is the bulk of the show, and the defect at the core of the book is that he is only a roving reporter. At the very end a number called " Being Alive" is slapped on his role to convince us that something has really happened to the protagonist, but the effort only emphasizes that this is not true. Further, he is a pallid character. The author – with an old device – keeps having people say how interesting the hero is and how much they like him, but it doesn't help. Dean Jones, who plays the part, doesn't help much either.

And what does the hero observe among his friends? Five utterly trite mod-marriage situations, four of which are just that – static situations. Only one of them has some drama in it – a girl reluctant to marry the man she lives with – and the ending of that scene is phony. There was more slick comment about mod marriage in the first half-hour of *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice*, a film I found vaguely repellent in its pleasure with itself, than in all of *Company*.

All criticism of a show like this is supposed to contain, or imply, the phrase "for a musical." The book is unconventional "for a musical." It is candid f. a. m. It is bitter f. a. m. But in return for that concession, we are supposed to get some use of the attributes of the musical: flights of imagination, enrichment through music and dance of what would be verbalized complexly in a "straight" play. Well, Harold Prince's staging of *Company* is fairly bright and some of the dancing is nice, but the "lift" of the really good musical is only occasionally there. The best numbers are two 1930s parodies. The worst is one they have put in for Elaine Stritch, who is once more giving her monstrously predictable wise-guy performance. She has a song called "The Ladies Who Lunch," about conspicuously consuming beauty-salon patrons – sheer 1927 Helen Hokinson caricature in a 1970 atmosphere.

So the equation of the "for a musical" formula is not fulfilled in *Company*. One can say of *Pal Joey* that it is biting social comment f. a. m., but the best comment in this new show, and the best use of the musical's freedom from literalism, is Boris Aronson's setting.

On the other hand, *Applause*, "for a musical," is . . . a musical. Everything about it is cut to pattern: the overall shape, the shape of individual scenes, the shape of the numbers, even the shape of the snappy-comeback dialogue exchanges. It's the biggest smash of the season – a fairly smooth bench-lathe job which Broadway buffs say is just the kind of thing ailing Broadway needs. They are evidently right.

Applause is another instance of the postwar reverse flow – films adapted for the stage. This one is based on Joseph Mankiewicz's overrated *All About Eve* (1950), rewritten here by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, and the lengthy first act skids along on well-worn show-biz clichés about show-biz. The first-act finale, sung by Lauren Bacall, tells us what a jungle the theater is, but in the last line she confesses – guess what! – that she loves it. At least, Act One moves. Act Two is downhill all the way, but not fast enough.

The sets by Robert Randolph are dull-mindedness itself, the dances by Ron Field are the quintessence of *déjà vu*, and the score by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams is not as good as those they wrote for *Bye Bye Birdie* and *Superman*. The title-song is another twist on the idea of such old show-stoppers as "That's Entertainment" and "No Business Like Show Business." And Philip J. Lang's orchestrations put loud Wagernian brass on the melody line in several of Miss Bacall's numbers, to compete with her voice. Birgit Nilsson she ain't.

The story, if you remember, is about a theatrical star (female) who takes pity on a worshipful girl only to find that she has befriended a viper. As adapted here, the star seems egregiously feeble-minded not to suspect the girl about eleven minutes after they meet. The experienced stage star is played by Miss Bacall, who is in fact here playing on the stage for the second time in her life. Miss Bacall is famous, and well-coached in her song and dance. The former asset gives her attractive confidence and releases her abundant energy; the latter has made

(Continued on page 32)

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Reed Whittemore: Putty Facts, Putty People

Encounter
by John Mann

(Grossman; $6.95)

A decade or so ago, our culture was imbued with the spirit of fact. This spirit is still triumphant spottily – among the statistical, for example, and the martial – but elsewhere fact, once idolized, is now more commonly ridiculed, condemned or ignored.

My impression is that the spirit of fact has lost most heavily in journalism and the social sciences, though the hard sciences have suffered too, and even the humanities. In a recent essay in the *Sunday Times Book Review* Robert Nisbet, a sociologist from California, deplored the "nihilistic repudiation in the social sciences of the ancient Western ideal of dispassionate reason, of objective inquiry, in the study of man and society"; and while I have not yet seen a similar account of "nihilistic repudiation" among journalists, one could be written. If I did it I would start with what the underground papers have been doing with fact. For example, Ray Mungo, in his new book, *Famous Long Ago* (see review next issue) defends an underground paper's report of an event in Vietnam that did not occur, on the grounds that the story was "unvarnished and plain and human" and "truer than any facts you may have picked up in *The New Republic*." Then I would work up to the small freedoms with fact practised by above ground journalists. Joe McGinnis, for example. His *Selling of the President* is loaded with direct quotations that in some cases must at best be approximations of what was said, and that in any event McGinnis spends no time documenting. The same practice can be found, though less lethally, in the recent *Let Them Eat Promises* by Nick Kotz. And every day the newspapers themselves print remarks that astonish the original remarkers when they read them.

What my account would conclude is that many a journalist has decided to become a dramatist or novelist. Even if he hangs in there as journalist (and of course some journalists have written *bona fide* novels of the old school) he aims at what people *might* have said or *should* have said. In a "responsible" journalist's hands this is also still, thankfully, what they approximately said, but the shift nonetheless indicates a change in the climate of truth-gathering, perhaps concomitant with the shift away from objectivity that any college teacher like Professor Nisbet can observe taking place among his students and younger colleagues.

A few years back Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood* was the occasion for much high-level critical commentary about the direction of the novel. The novel was going *to* fact. Capote with his tape-recorder memory was described as out-doing reporters in journalistic accuracy and thoroughness, while bringing art to the reporter's game. Now it is the facts-man going to art. The new journalistic or sociological procedure, as Mungo fliply puts it, is: "tell the truth, brothers, and let the facts fall where they may."

Back in the respectable days of social sciences – in the days of *Middletown* by the Lynds – a scholar might construct a small fiction in the name of some representative social truth, but his fictional liberties would have to be carefully controlled by his obligations to data he had amassed – or his name was not scholar. Thus he would construct a sort of composite photograph of his subject, derived from a thorough preliminary sampling of individual cases, statements or persons.

John Mann is a Columbia PhD in social psychology and the chairman of the Sociology Department at State University College, Geneseo, New York; but he has Mungo's contempt for facts. Yet he wouldn't want his new book, *Encounter*, classified as a mere novel either. His purpose is not to report on encounters he has known, though his chief credentials for writing the book are that he has known some, but to achieve imaginative truth. He says his book "would fail in its purpose if it attempted to resurrect the past as [he has] known it." In other words he wants it both ways; he has written a fiction but sold it to the Psychology Today Book Club (June selection) as a hunk of science. His subject is a weekend encounter, a group-therapy event for a dozen people.

The book is filled with thought monologues like the following (each parenthesis seems to indicate a separate

Driving Down From Vermont

The winding roads give time
a backward turn, birches,
maples, oaks around you
like a tunnel, till blue bursts
explode into a vision, relic
of Utopia: Georgian fronts,
cornices and colonnades, gleam
like lost Greek marble ruins
in rain-clean Aegean air:
and then it's gone, picture
in a book, the leaves spinning
back into now, roads and river
spilling down into the valley
and the factory town
whose soot-caked walls, brick and bar,
remind us where and what we are.

John Seelye

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encounter-participant. Who is thinking what, is, as I will indicate shortly, the least of the concerns):

"(I wonder what it would be like to make love in front of a mirror? Something like making love in front of a group? I wonder whether there is anything to those rumors you hear about Mass orgies in encounter groups? I must ask Richard [Richard is the encounter leader, the equivalent of Mann himself] how he feels about nude encounter groups . . .

"(I wish I had brought a bottle of whiskey. It would warm me up and put me to sleep. If all this were only serving some purpose, other than exhausting me. I am going to be a wreck tomorrow. Just a little sleep. That isn't very much to ask . . .

Dialogue in the book has a slightly different flavor from thought:

Richard: Would you two sit in the center of the room and tell each other why you could never have a relationship together? Just pour out every reason you can think of.

Bill: O.K. You're a pervert.
Ann: So are you!
Bill: I like younger women.
Ann: So do I.
Bill: I would injure my manhood.
Ann: So would I.
Bill: I don't like you.
Ann: I don't like you either. You are a coward.
Bill: You take advantage of innocent girls.
Ann: Don't you, if you get the chance?
Bill: I'm afraid of you.
Ann: I'm afraid I might begin to convince you. Why don't I shut up?
Bill: You might try to castrate me.
Ann: And what would you do to me?

Richard, being big daddy, has to compensate for playing god by displaying weakness occasionally; but in general his lordly pontifications ring out loud and clear, and so do his flights into poesy:

"Don't stop breathing. . . . Everything is dark. It is black. . . . Imagine, if you can, an egg and a sperm very far away from one another. Perceive them both and also the vast space between them. . . . Follow them as the sperm comes closer . . . until they touch . . . and interpenetrate. . . . See the two cells become one. . . . You have just been created. Shortly the cell begins to split into two cells. . . . As you watch, you begin to see the early differentiation of nerves, muscles, skeleton . . . a body is emerging . . . it has gills . . . it has a tail . . . all the details appear, first hazy and then with greater clarity . . . facial features, eyes, nose, mouth, hair. . . . Growing, growing, growing. . . . Feel what the fetus feels . . . floating in the dark. . . ."

Mann and the many Richards now practising way-out group therapy are developing a sort of art genre of their own, and one of the functions of the genre turns out to be to teach participants to *fit* the genre – that is, teach them to think and talk as in the fictional instances above. Here is the old *fin-de-siecle* notion of life imitating art cropping up in an odd new place. Mann (Richard) keeps selling a reader or participant the *liberating* qualities of a good $85 weekend encounter, but if you join up you are stuck with Mann (Richard) making you over. Not only do you get a chance to feel what the fetus feels, but you *don't* have to feel what you *usually* feel – in fact you aren't supposed to. Since the occasion is chiefly one of letting go, there is constant pressure on you temporarily to dispose of your customary self and life-role – first by physical removal, and second by meeting the various strip-tease demands of the encounter. You are expected in other words to dissipate your developed individuation in the group air, and to become "part of a greater being."

The results, if we can believe this fiction, are spectacular. Uniformity of thinking and monotonous abstractions of talk prevail. All the corrective details of each individual's normal everyday life are excised. For the "he" (or "she") is gone, having become part of the "greater being." What trivial things he may say as himself (and frequently he is encouraged to play, trivially, others than himself) are sucked up into the oversoul of abstractions *about* self.

The only other book I can think of with a comparable woodenness of character is *Walden II*, by B. F. Skinner, where again we have a fantasy scene hoked up by a behaviorialist (but *Walden II* has order rather than freedom as the ultimate ideal). Both books, both scenes – though very different – are rhetorically self-defeating (that is, they manage to argue effectively against what they advocate), and, when I ask myself why, I am driven back again and again upon the central operational premise of each book: the way to social or personal health is by erasing the old life. D. H. Lawrence recommended this years ago, and reformers of all stripes continue to recommend it, with the crescendo of their complaints about the inherited past constantly rising. But how much *can* we erase? How much should we if we could? How much has already been erased? – these are suddenly very important questions, though there may not be answers to them. What seems clear to me, reading *Encounter*, is that 1) one kind of erasing encourages another – for example, there would seem to be a close relationship between Mann's erasings of facts on the one hand and pasts on the other (encounters clear away scholarship as well as inhibitions), and 2) the cumulative effect of erasings may be not only bad books but scarily empty lives.

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Charles Thomas Samuels: Suicide as Rhetoric

Nathanael West: The Art of His Life by Jay Martin

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $10)

The main facts of Nathanael West's life have long been known, but anything like a definitive biography had to await the pleasure of S. J. Perelman, West's brother-in-law and friend, who owns the crucial collection of manuscripts, correspondence, and personal memories. Keys to this kingdom fell to Jay Martin, author of a well-regarded study of Conrad Aiken and of a large book on late nineteenth-century American literature that is impressive both for magisterial scope and easy deployment of evidence.

Prospects were good: untried papers and a gifted researcher. The Guggenheim Foundation smiled on the match (though, ironically, it had not smiled on West when, supported by George S. Kaufman, Malcolm Cowley, Edmund Wilson, and F. Scott Fitzgerald, he had presented his application after publishing *Miss Lonelyhearts*). West's friends and acquaintances, in ranks that fill seven pages of closely printed acknowledgments, lent their blessings through interviews, letters, and documents. Surprisingly, the result isn't exciting.

It is, however, helpful. Important facts are uncovered; known facts are placed in richer contexts. Here are the first full accounts of West's pains in transforming himself, late in life, into a Hollywood hack, and of the way his novels evolved through many versions in manuscript. Because history is Martin's forte, he illuminates such phenomena as little magazine publishing in the '30s (West did some editing) and a scriptwriter's lot in one of movieland's sweatshops. Wherever West's life mirrored that of his times, Martin precisely measures the reflection.

But West's mirror was cracked, and for this his biographer shows insufficient regard. Martin engaged a psychoanalyst as consultant, yet his insights seem timid, his reconstruction of West's inner life meager. Consider that two obvious kinks in West's fiction are a fixation on abnormality or pain and a revulsion against sex. For both traits, Martin provides evidence in West's life, but he is either naive or hesitant in drawing conclusions.

From West's habit of imitating "ungrammatical speech" and "shambling" gestures, Martin infers only an identification with the "desolate, inert mass man," just as he sees nothing less innocent than a desire to know sordidness at firsthand in West's habit of steaming open letters addressed to residents of a hotel he managed. He can quote West's description of a man who had fallen in the street (". . . where the nose and mouth ordinarily are, there was a wide smear of blood. He moved slowly, very carefully, and seemed mildly surprised, and touched slowly twice – his hand to his face and looked at it, hesitatingly, gently"), judging this tender, whereas it also seems morbidly lyrical about what most people find distasteful. And we remember that Miss Lonelyhearts, who is drawn to suffering by pity, ultimately comes to batten on it. West saw that clearly. Martin is less clear on a possible source for the trait in West.

West's sex life is equally suspicious. Uncomfortable with women, he nevertheless liked prostitutes. By the time he married, at 37, he had already suffered several painful cases of gonorrhea. His bride, celebrated by Ruth McKenny as "My Sister Eileen," was in reality troubled and promiscuous. (As Martin reports, West was attracted to her through "compassion.") With his Jewish mama he retained a "wholly sympathetic relationship" although she neither understood nor approved his work; and his sister, who married Perelman, remained "his standard for all women." Nevertheless, neither mother nor sister appears often in Martin's pages, nor are we taken fur-

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ther into West's relationships to them.

Perhaps Martin was hindered by the paucity of evidence, or perhaps his attention was deflected from West's personal life by his own cultural interests. In any case, his biography abounds in cultural background that inspires yawns. When West dies in an automobile crash, we are told of several nonentities who died the same day and of the alarming rise in auto fatalities that ushered in the '40s. Often West's habits are related to history, but when they aren't Martin dubiously relates them.

True to his bent, he also features West the cultural barometer. Thus, when judging the novels, he overvalues *A Cool Million:* West's satire of Horatio Alger that succeeds in imitating everything about S. J. Perelman but his wit. Because the novel predicts a fascist strain in contemporary American life, it fascinates Martin, who augments his discussion with many pages about reactionary elements and false ideals in the American Dream. Similarly, he places *The Day of the Locust* above *Miss Lonelyhearts,* responding to its greater novelistic scope and cultural insight. Yet West is not remarkable as a cultural seer; save for his recognition that boredom produces violence, no idea in his work is more than a modern commonplace. Nor is he, in the usual sense, a novelist. Stanley Edgar Hyman is surely right in contending that *The Day of the Locust,* fine as it is, is also a relative failure; exactly because it lacks coherence as a novel. Instead, as Hyman asserts, *Miss Lonelyhearts* is West's masterpiece and one of the great fables of 20th century America. Moreover, it is a work so unique in achievement that West's story is, after all, mainly what led toward and away from it.

From Martin's perspective, what led toward the book were letters written to the *Brooklyn Eagle's* sob-sister that West recast for Miss Lonelyhearts' correspondents, and the work of men like Bruce Barton or Harry Emerson Fosdick, whose religiosity West parodied in Miss Lonelyhearts' columns. What led away were a bizarre bankruptcy by West's publisher that all but wiped out the book's sales, and such bogus imitations of his subject as one number written by Irving Berlin and Moss Hart for their revue "As Thousands Cheer." One is grateful for the specimen letters since they help us to measure West's artistry, just as his vicissitudes with publishers help us to understand the anguish of his career (he earned only $1280 from the four books to which he devoted his life). But how much do Harry Emerson Fosdick and Irving Berlin tell us about Nathanael West as man or artist?

Buried in West's prospectus for a novel he intended to write after *Miss Lonelyhearts* is more pertinent information:

> Chapter Five
>
> Europe in 1927. The ideas of Spengler and Valéry. The necessity for violence. The composition of a suicide note as an exercise in rhetoric.

Here is the authentic West: not an historian, but a man who could move from the historical prognosis of imminent doom to mockery of doom itself. Here is the man, usually compassionate as Martin claims, who could spend most of his writing career on a book whose main point is that compassion is sick.

To understand West, one must emphasize that his masterpiece of naked suffering is a comic novel, not alone – as people easily acknowledge – in the witty rhetoric of Shrike, Miss Lonelyhearts' cynical editor, or in the inane pap with which Miss Lonelyhearts first tries to evade his readers' cry for help. The letters themselves are funny, even in the midst of their pain; for the pain is modulated by propriety, so that a noseless cripple can precede her obligatory valediction – "Sincerely yours" – with a shriek of good grammar – "Ought I commit suicide?"

Most ludicrous is Miss Lonelyhearts himself, a man who takes seriously the task of mitigating pain. Wanting to succor the needy, but lacking the means, he becomes a sadist who torments those who remind him of his helplessness. Lover of mankind, he is also homo-erotic in nearly the clinical sense. Nothing so exemplifies the book's fiendish humor as this wicked pun at the center of its action, this ghastly assertion that *agape* is perverted *eros.*

Precisely because West may have been so compassionate, as Martin claims, his ability to conceive a book like *Miss Lonelyhearts* cries out for explanation. In its pages, did West show that he despised his sympathy, thought it effeminate and even insane? Or does he show that he needed to mock his emotions in order to shield himself against their inevitable futility? Toward what terrible denials does this book point? From what profound shame – at his Jewishness, his sexual inhibition, his aestheticism at a time of national crisis – does it arise? The man who could imagine composing a suicide note only to prove rhetorical mastery must at least have toyed with the idea that all human experience is funny. How does such a man live? What is the trait of character that permitted him to imagine the total apocalypse that ends *The Day of the Locust* yet still summon up the will not only to form it into words but to revise them for greater permanence?

To the extent that Martin raises such questions, he settles for the easy answer of a privately cheerful, publicly harrowing figure, a sort of sad clown in reverse. Perhaps that *is* the answer, or all the answer that biography, operating at a remove, can ever give. But West's books make it seem banal.

Joseph Featherstone: Teacher Survival

The Open Classroom by Herbert Kohl

(New York Review; $1.65)

Herbert Kohl is a gifted teacher whose book, *36 Children,* is well on its way toward becoming a classic in the literature on teaching. Now he runs an experimental program called "Other Ways," working mainly in the Berkeley schools. This little pamphlet, *The Open Classroom,* is intended as a manual for prospective teachers and teachers interested in alternatives to formal teaching. It is a tentative effort, really a series of notes, too skimpy and abstract to merit comparison with the rich density of *36 Children,* but full of sensible observations and advice that many teachers will find useful.

He is good on the painful process of change: "But six months were not enough – after six months of chaos I experienced at least six months of groping and getting to understand students as people and not merely as pupils. It took at least a year for me to be at ease and to stop worrying

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about what was supposed to happen and start reacting directly to what was actually happening." He offers some sound suggestions on beginning the year, the importance of the physical arrangement of the classroom, and ways to stimulate kids to talk and to write. People thinking about going into teaching will find his views on teachers' colleges refreshing: "The greater the reputation an institution has to defend, the more resistant it is to change." Or what he has to say on the business of acquiring credentials. "It is," he says, "a question of how much one can put up with, how much one is willing to compromise, and, finally, how badly one wants to teach. Many people find it easier to teach on provisional licenses that require a minimum of education credits . . . Still, for people who have gone through twelve years of elementary and secondary schooling and four years of college, another year of compliance needn't be devastating . . . It may well be worth keeping cool until the credentials are in hand."

This captures the most engaging quality of *The Open Classroom*: its tone, which blends a kind of cocky defiance with a real conviction that people teaching in the schools have more freedom than they imagine. Ultimately, for all his consciousness of the tragedies taking place in schools and for all his bows in the direction of fashionable revolutionary militance, Kohl is optimistic about the possibilities of the schools. He is perfectly aware of how restricted and vicious many school environments can be. As he says, "Survival in a given school is not always desirable or possible. There are times to quit, or to be fired, to oppose, defy, and confront people." But he is also aware, as many critics of the schools aren't, of how increasingly shaky and vulnerable the system is. Most often, what drives promising teachers out of the schools is loneliness – they have nobody to talk to about their work – not administrative tyranny. With notable exceptions, the central preoccupation of school authorities is avoiding trouble, not harassing teachers. And there is always the fact that the system is chronically short of hands. "You want my job? Take it," was the response of one teacher whenever her singularly free-wheeling methods were criticized. The offer was never accepted. With a mixture of luck and a certain amount of cunning and guile, Kohl is arguing, a teacher committed to more open ways of teaching can survive.

Hence some of these notes deal with survival techniques of a sort that experienced teachers and army veterans will immediately recognize. Example:

"– keep two sets of lesson plans, one for the supervisor that follows the curriculum and another for oneself that deals with the reality of one's classroom.

– create a set of authoritarian lessons to use when supervisors observe.

– be polite and silent at faculty meetings.

– seem to comply with administrative directives."

Kohl is thoughtful on the political choices that these bitter times can force on teachers. In ghetto communities, parents are determined to control the schools and purge racist and incompetent teachers. In other communities reactionaries are dedicated to their own sorts of purges. And there are other dilemmas, too: "In some ghetto communities parents may want a rigid authoritarian education for their children, so that a teacher who wants to create an open classroom may find himself at odds with people he politically agrees with." There is, as Kohl says, no single general answer to these problems. That, in itself, is a good piece of advice on the schools to keep in mind.

Alex Campbell: CIA on the Nile

The Game of Nations by Miles Copeland

(Simon & Schuster; $6.95)

Beirut has always been full of spies but in the late fifties and early sixties they were very thick on the ground. The British had "Kim" Philby who turned out to be really working for the Russians. There was also a Palestinian who worked for everyone, selling his carbons to the Russians, the British, the Americans, the Jordanians and the Egyptians. And there was Miles Copeland, a business consultant who had worked for the State Department elsewhere in the Middle East,

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was close to Teddy's grandson "Kim" Roosevelt, and who had joined the CIA. Miles's business took him often to Cairo, where he seemed to have instant access to President Nasser.

His book about the Middle East is subtitled "The Amorality of Power Politics" and is a sort of "Catch-22" of American diplomacy. Quite a lot of people get killed. Husni Za'im of Syria, for instance. Washington decided to make him top American stooge in the Middle East, by hoisting him into power in Syria through a military coup. This succeeded, but then Za'im refused to play. Instead of showing gratitude by being an obedient zombie, he "brusquely informed [Major Stephen] Meade and myself that we were henceforth to leap to our feet as he entered the room." Copeland and Meade were ready to humor their Frankenstein's monster, but Za'im's own Syrian associates were less compliant to his masterful whims. They finally murdered him, buried him in the French cemetery in Damascus and coldly told Copeland and Meade, "We are doing you the favor of treating him as a *French* agent."

Copeland is coy about revealing how he himself became an agent, but says Meade became one by accident. G-2 had grabbed him for possible parachuting into Russia, because the Army's IBM machine erroneously wrote his birthplace on his classification card as "Ukr," for the Ukraine. After World War II Meade performed such intelligence chores as rescuing captured German scientists from Communist China, and corrupting Kurdish tribal leaders on the Soviet border. Then "Kim" Roosevelt chose him for Cairo, where he and Copeland worked on Nasser as a promising replacement for the unsatisfactory King Farouk. Soon Nasser was assuring the Americans that all he really wanted was to get rid of the British and that he regarded regaining Palestine as "unimportant." Once in power, Nasser played the Americans off against the Russians. The CIA abjectly put up with this and, when the American Ambassador in Cairo, Henry Byroade, protested to Nasser at a dinner party about Nasser's thugs roughing up the US Labor Attaché, Copeland says that Byroade was pressured into apologizing to Nasser in writing (not for the first or last time) for having "raised an unpleasant subject at a pleasant social gathering." None of which, of course, did the US the least good in Nasser's eyes. The only way to a climb-back the CIA could think of was to circulate among Egyptians a lot of books with titles like *Mohammad Never Existed*, of pre-World War One vintage, and attempt to attribute their distribution to the Russians.

Copeland quit Cairo and set up his Beirut office in May 1957, and about a year later President Eisenhower sent Marines to Lebanon to intervene in a civil war in which Nasser had a hand. Eisenhower also sent Robert Murphy, whose first act according to Copeland was to be photographed shaking hands with the leader of Nasser's terrorist group. The picture was printed, captioned "President Eisenhower's Repsentative sympathizes with the Revolution," which gave Nasser all he really wanted in Lebanon at that time. Ten years after that, Nasser, egged on by the Meade-programmed, coup-crazy Syrians, involved the Middle East in a war from which it's still trying vainly to extricate itself.

The goings on that Miles Copeland describes may – or may not – have been curtailed by President Kennedy's letter of instruction to US ambassadors in May 1961, inviting them to take full control over all American official activity in the countries to which they were accredited. That looked at the time like a mandate to ambassadors to restrain CIA and other meddlers. No more humiliations for decent men like Byroade? But the CIA is currently running a little war of its own in Laos – and the US Ambassador, McMurtrie Godley, is said to be top war lord. Copeland concludes his wry and witty account by saying that "our diplomats who were so naive . . . have come a long way and have developed a whole new perspective." What perspective?

Jonathan Yardley: Literary Lion

Max Jamison
by Wilfrid S. Sheed

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $6.95)

Wilfrid Sheed is a writer in transition, but he is not a writer fumbling for a new voice. The distinction is important. Mr. Sheed seems to know precisely where he is going and what he is doing. He has moved from the deliciously brittle satire of the opening chapters of *Office Politics* toward a fiction which, while the dazzle remains, has gained measurably in depth and subtlety. Some of this new depth can also be seen in his relatively recent novelettes, *Pennsylvania Gothic* and *The Blacking Factory*, though in the latter Mr. Sheed is guilty of uncharacteristic didacticism.

Max Jamison combines the world of *Office Politics* with the mood of *The Blacking Factory*, and draws together thematic elements of both. It is also Mr. Sheed's best book. It is funny, sad, tough, compassionate; its title character is realized in every nuance of personality; and the writing is splendid.

The world of *Max Jamison*, the New York literary world, is one Mr. Sheed himself moves through with epic virtuosity, yet he views it dispassionately as a tony warren in which you "consort only with delicate replicas of yourself." He probes through its facade of arrogant provincialism and exposes the insecurities and inadequacies beneath. Ultimately, as in *Office Politics*, the mood of the novel is dark.

Max Jamison is a literary lion, theater reviewer for the mass-circulation magazine *Now* and movie critic for the little magazine *Rearview*. He is fawned over by academics and suburban housewives, he beds nubile coeds and still-ripe divorcees. He is both self-aware (mocking the "slatternly metaphors" that creep into his *Now* reviews) and self-deceiving. He is a "son of a bitch in an imperfect world," a man for whom one can easily acquire an intense dislike. He treats people with random cruelty, forever holding them up to judgment and, invariably, scorn: "My husband," his wife observes during a period of separation, "was like a courtroom that was always in session." He is constantly performing, sending hostesses swooning and grad students twittering in order to feed his ravenous ego. He bleats in self-pity over being removed from his young sons, yet when he sees them he cannot bend to them. He treats his women, his wife as well as his casual bedmates, with approximately the respect one accords toilets and other instruments of physical relief.

It is Mr. Sheed's achievement that

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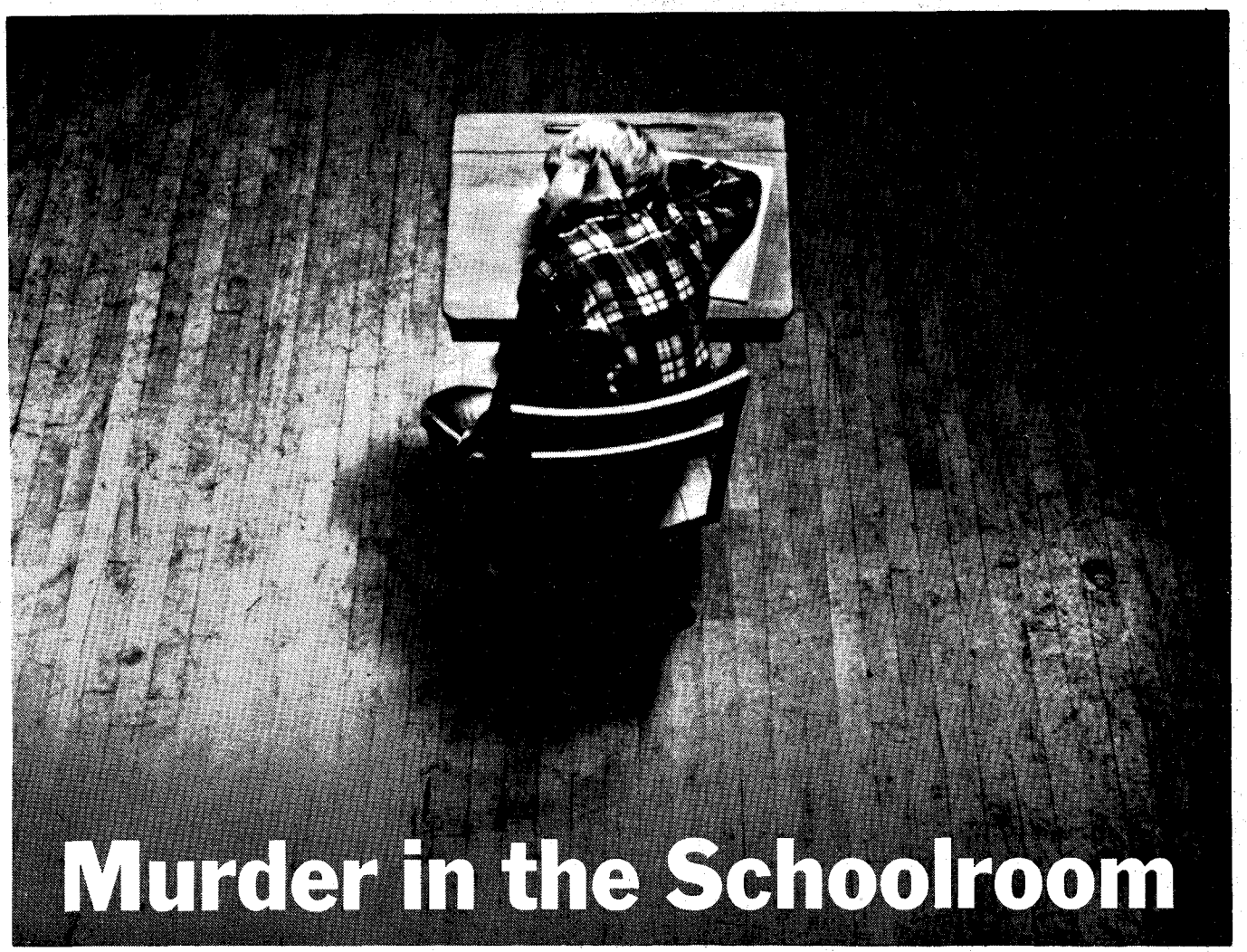

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Max Jamison is nonetheless a curiously admirable character for whom, in the end, one grieves. His pomposity is maddening, but in his insistence upon "standards" there is an old-fashioned deference to tradition which one must honor; he is a man of genuine if dubiously exercised integrity. For all his stiffness, his infuriating withdrawal from the turmoil and pain of life, he inspires sadness and sympathy. Nearing middle age, he is at that terrible moment in life when his failure dawns upon him – failure as husband, though his marriage survives for reasons having nothing to do with love, failure as a father, failure as *man*. He becomes obsessively defensive about his work for *Now* (in furious italics he cries out, *"It is brainless snobbery to think that working for a news magazine is automatically a sellout"*) and his creative energies finally expire in a tired burst of self-pity.

Mr. Sheed explores his themes, mostly domestic, small and large at the same time, with skill and compassion. In his fiction the institution of family becomes a trap where, seeking protection, people find hurt. Parents hurt children, children hurt parents, parents hurt each other. Mr. Sheed understands the accommodations marriage demands and the pressures it builds up; one which stands out in *Max Jamison* is the aggressiveness of wives who make their husbands' careers their own: ". . . she had in her Midwestern bones this belief in motion. No matter how good it was where you were, you must keep going: . . . onward and upward, onward *was* upward, something new to tell people every season." Yet his impatience with pushy wives is tempered by his acknowledgment of the anguish to which indifferent and condescending husbands subject them. There are no villains in his work, merely people hurting and being hurt, trying to find an honorable way to get through life.

The focus of Mr. Sheed's work is narrow, concentrating on small worlds and delicate scenes. In some respects he is heir to the tradition of Marquand (Max Jamison and Allen Southby rather resemble each other), but he is moving that tradition into new and perhaps more complex patterns. Even at his darkest, he is a joy to read. His wit and perceptiveness are marvelous; he is a literary Buddy Rich, tossing off brilliant rimshots with offhand abandon. It is a measure of his achievement that we only rarely feel that the glitter is for its own sake.

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Television

A Be-In What?

An educational TV show called The Honest Generation Be-in came my way of a Saturday night recently. The MC, Leonard Nimoy, sort of opened the whole proceeding by asking for questions. In other words we didn't really have a subject until somebody raised his hand. So the first principle here is that we have freedom of subject matter (the subject is established by the first one who raises his hand). It reminds me a little of the recent proposal by a D.C. college student, to break down the student body into groups of five and simply have continuous be-ins. Principle two is that when a subject is put forth by someone out front, then it is the teacher's job to convert the subject to his own purposes. Henry David, the sociologist, is one of the great experts at this, but they are doing a job of it here on channel 26 too. The first question from the floor is, "Shouldn't we have free sex?" Hearing it, Nimoy, who is a hot-shot fellow with long sideburns (is he the pointed-ears man from Vulcan?) parries the question by giving a long speech on what is meant by sex as distinguished from love. So: the little gal who had asked about sex in the first place took the freedom of subject matter away from everybody else in the room, and then the teacher proceeded to take the subject matter away from her. An interesting progression. Then a singer came up to sing "It's Your World."

The be-in would be a dramatic end to positivism *if* it were a free medium; but it is not. Everybody in that room at the station is trapped into discussing the most commonplace subjects floating around us. So they go ahead and discuss drugs and sex, and the teaching of drugs and sex, and youth, age, religion, what-all. They are at the opposite end of the talk scale from persons trapped in a Socratic dialogue, where one looks hopefully for truth to arise out of *order*. Or vice versa. Here truth is expected to arise out of spontanaeity (disorder). A related point: toward the end the MC says "tonight we have been discovering ourselves through each other" – Socrates would have said, "tonight we have been trying to discover something about truth" – his truth being the common recognition that such and such is so, and nothing something else. But back to the show:

1st girl: "If it's illegal, why do you do it?"

2nd girl: "Because – if it's illegal, why do I do it?"

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1st girl: "Yeah."

MC: "The question was, 'If it is illegal, why do you do it?' "

2nd girl: "Why do I take drugs?"

MC: "Yes."

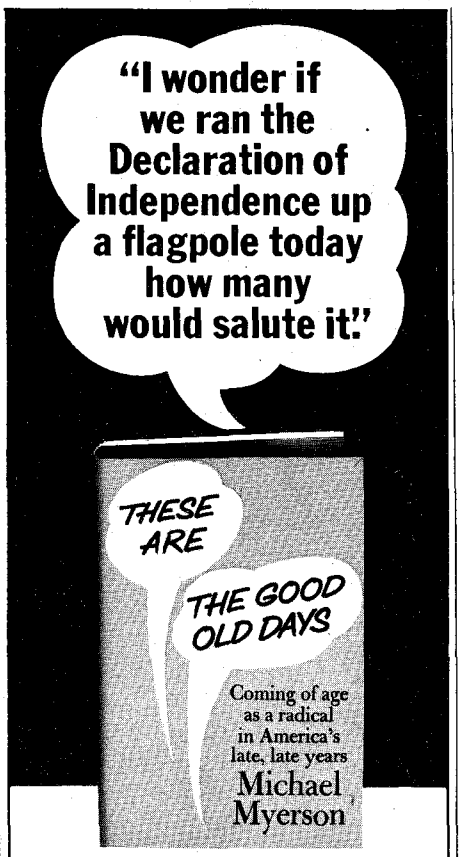
2nd girl: "It's everybody's personal opinion, you know, personal judgment, whether they should takes drugs or not because if you feel that you want to not just escape from reality which lots of people take drugs for, but, you know, I think everybody should experience something once, like you should get drunk once, and you should get high once, and you should do everything once, you know, if . . ." (crowd laughs)

So now the MC proposes, because they are talking about marijuana, that we get a government official to come into the schools and tell us about marijuana. But that proposal leads to remarks about sex, not drug education – and pretty soon Nimoy says, "I wonder if we can get back dead center to what this whole night is all about." Identity. The pattern is that of a bull session interrupted not by commercials – because commercials are not for educational television – but by singers. Now what does this format suggest about the discussion itself, as a serious source of meat and light? – that it doesn't amount to much.

And it doesn't. Yet here is a "sophisticated" program, an advance beyond the commercial junk, a serious event put on by intelligent, dedicated people. Suddenly the MC says, "we have a very short time left." The subject has gone all over the world – nothing has been settled or even clearly focused on. Yet the impression I receive from looking at the faces in the auditorium is that the audience thinks something of real consequence has occurred. This is not what almost any teacher, until the modern be-in teacher arrived, would have thought.

There's a moral here somewhere, and perhaps it's the one to be found in the recently published *Mason Williams F.C.C. Rapport* (Liveright), though Williams was talking about commercial TV – "Not only should you believe in what you're doing/But you should know what you're doing." That moral, if seriously promulgated, would leave most of us speechless these days at most group occasions.

Sedulus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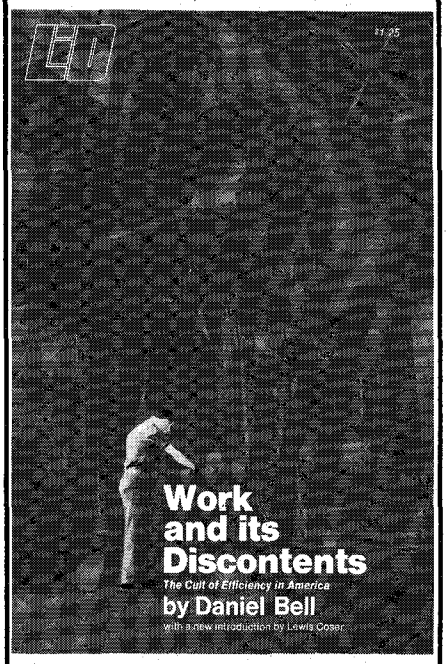

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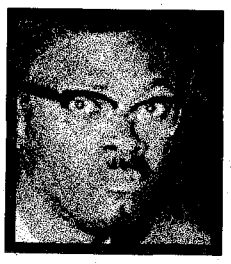

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Kauffmann, *from page 20*

the most of her sense of rhythm (although she hasn't much grace) and enables her to put her songs over. But Miss Bacall the actress paints in primary colors obviously applied, as she did in *Cactus Flower*. In films her transitions may have been helped by careful editing. Here we watch her alter from Friendliness to Suspicion or from Anger to Affection, and, by golly, there's never any doubt that her mood is changing when it does. You can almost hear the gears grinding as she shifts. She is like the star of a smart-suburb little theater who can strike isolated caustic or urbane moments that are very much like her off-stage self, while her cocktail friends whisper, "She's every bit as good as Lauren Bacall."

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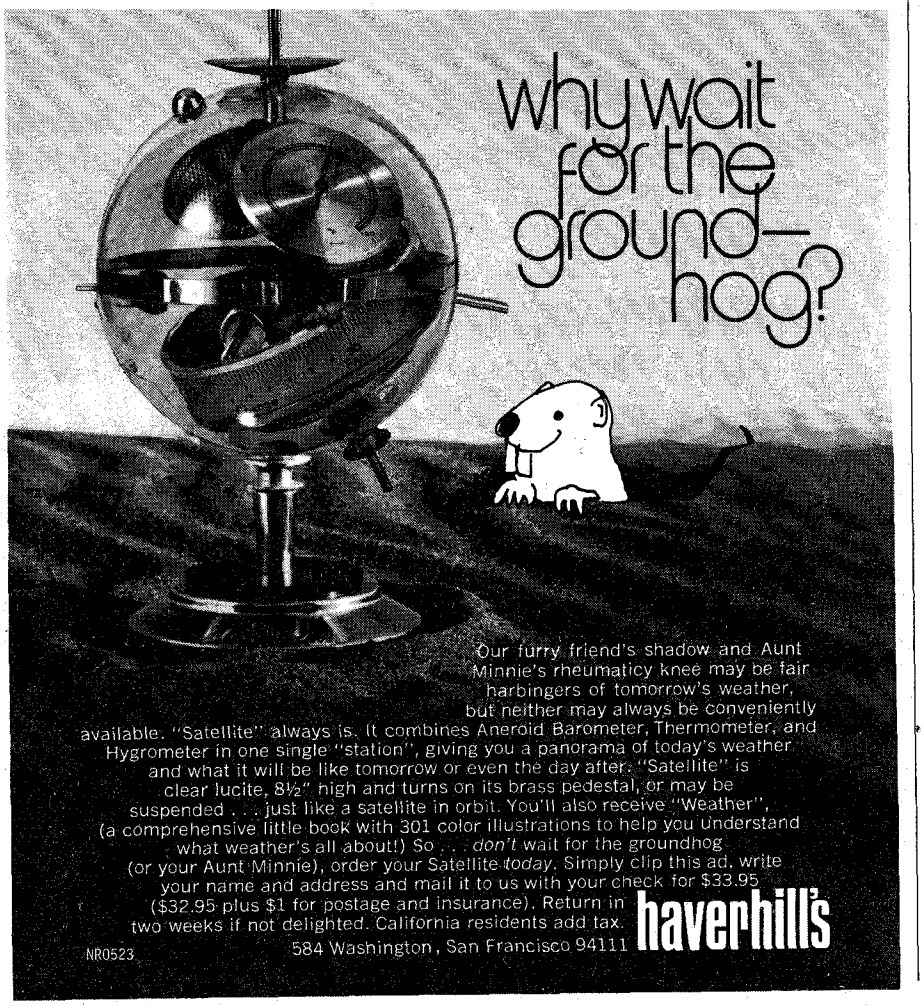
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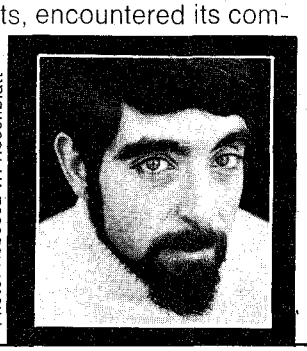

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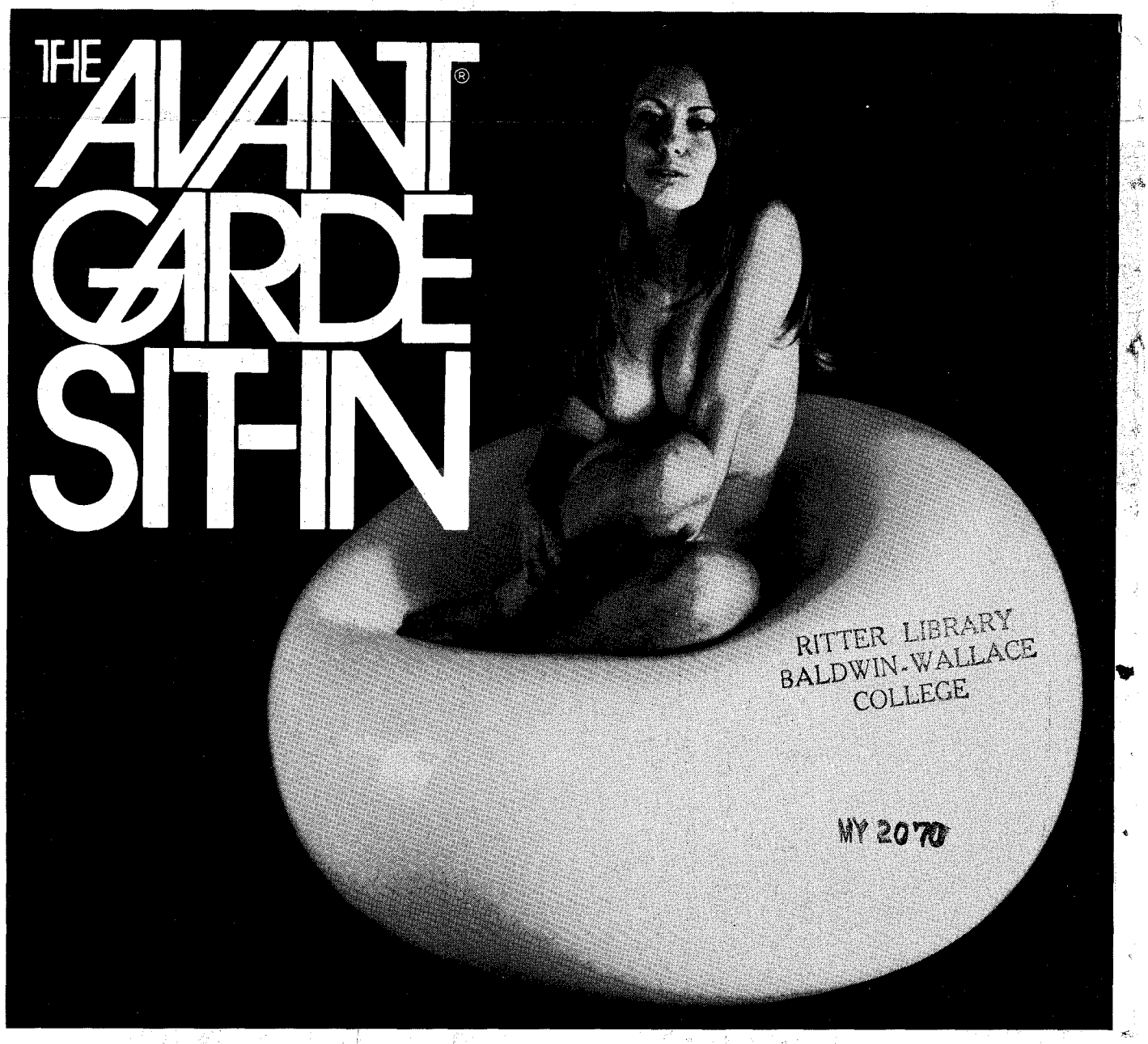

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